In this issue we bedevil **CHARLIE'S ANGELS**

...barb Barbra's **A STAR IS BORN**

...slip a Mickey to **DISNEY WORLD**

...turn the tables on **POLISH JOKES**

...and ignore **AMY CARTER**

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NUMBER 193 SEPTEMBER 1977

MAD

"Summer is the time of year when there's not much on TV ...or on the girls at the beach!"—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*

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DAVID FRAZIER *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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MAD—Sept., 1977, Volume 1, No. 193. Published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E.C. Publications, Inc., 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N.Y. Subscriptions: In U.S.A., 15 issues $9.00. Outside U.S.A., 15 issues $10.00. Allow 10 weeks for change of address to become effective. Entire contents copyright © 1977 by E. C. Publications, Inc. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The name of characters used in all **MAD** fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence. Printed in U.S.A.

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CHURLIE'S ANGLES (TV Show Satire) Pg. 43

MARATHON MESS

My compliments on every aspect of "Marathon Mess." Hart and Drucker aptly caught all the salient points of the movie and turned them to their usual excellent witty ends.

Daniel G. Kuttner
Los Angeles, Calif.

Hart and Drucker out-distanced the "master race"!

Jimmy Sweitzer
Sunderland, Md.

I think Dustin Hoffman was just winded after all the racing around he did in "Gall Of The President's Men".

Jeff Gwynne
Bow, N.H.

"Marathon Mess" got me in the jogular!

Donald Lindstrom
Park Ridge, N.J.

THE JAZZYSLUMS

Stan Hart and Angelo Torres did a nice job on "The Jazzyslums" though I don't think they're quite ready for "Roots".

David Harwitz
Philadelphia, Pa.

SOBSESSION

Larry Siegel's "Sobsession" was a "far cry" from that sad, silly, superstitious, soap opera of a screenplay. I liked it!

Bonnie Weinstein
Yonkers, N.Y.

I was truly impressed with Harry North's softer images in "Sobsession". His style provides a nice contrast to that of the other guys who draw crazy pictures for your magazine. I hope you'll continue to feature his pleasing work.

Linda Waters
Houston, Texas

JAFFEE'S FOOTBALL FOLD-IN

Al Jaffee's MAD Fold-In, "Turning Midgets Back Into Giants", was unnecessary roughness. I'd like to see Jaffee meet those "midgets" in a dark huddle!

John Schatz
Beaverton, Oregon

★ OUTSELLS FARRAH POSTER!! ★

Yep, the full-color portrait of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid —(suitable for framing or wrapping fish) outsells the Farrah Fawcett poster here at our office... because, unfortunately, we don't carry the Farrah Fawcett poster. If we did, we'd be making a buck instead of trying to peddle this majors disaster. So be a little angel, Charlie! Help us make a buck! Order Alfred today! Send—35c for one, 75c for 3, $1.55 for 9, $3.15 for 27 or $6.35 for 81 to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10022

CHILDREN OF THE NIGHT

While in the dungeon we came across a faded copy of your jaded magazine. Again, MAD showed double vision in your April '77 issue with the article entitled "If Fictional Characters Lived In The 'Real' World Of Today". We are actually real characters who live in the fictional world of today. You buried us with laughter when you incorrectly named us: "The Frankenstein Monster And Friends". In dead earnest, our correct name is: "Children Of The Night". We are a Rock and Horror Band with the Frankenstein Monster on bass, Wolfman on drums, Igor on piano (as depicted in your illustration), Mummy on sax, Mr. Hyde on trumpet, and the Count (Dracula, not Basie) on guitar. Your magazine is closer in reality than most people suspect! No ghouling.

Children Of The Night
Glen Head, New York

SHAKESPEARE'S QUOTATIONS

"A MAD Treasury Of Shakespeare's Lesser Known Quotations" omitted a particularly profound one: *All the world's a Stage, but there's too long an Intermission between issues of MAD!*

Joanne Luskin
Woodmere, N.Y.

Referring to MAD, Shakespeare also said: *Full of stories and trash, signifying nothing!*

Dan Mulligan
Salem, Oregon

That which we call an Alfred by any other name would still be as MAD!

Steve Centonzo
Brooklyn, N.Y.

MAD GUIDE TO PARENTAL HANG-UPS

In "The MAD Guide To Parental Hang-Ups", you left out one. Parents have hang-ups about MAD magazine, because it tells about Parental Hang-Ups!

Raymond Guajardo
Del Valle, Texas

ONE DAY IN ALASKA . . . AND EGYPT

Enjoyed "One Day In Alaska," but you should inform Don Martin and Don Edwing that there are no totem poles north of the Pan Handle of Alaska. Totem pole artists were Tlingit and Haida Indians.

Harvey Spencer
Cordova, Alaska

I found Don Martin's "One Day In Egypt" Pharaohly funny.

Ben Freiwald
Eureka, Calif.

DISTINCTIVE MAD EPITAPHS

"Epitaphs", by Jacobs and Clarke, was deathless poetry.

Greg Claus
Troy, N.Y.

Frank and Robert
Made a blunder;
Now they're teamed up
Six feet under.

Gary Graff
Dover, N.J.

I read a MAD
It was full of trash;
While trying to burn it
I wound up ash.

Stan Grisnik
Clairton, Pa.

"Epitaphs" was a real R.I.P.-off!

Pat Fortune
Ottawa, Ont.,
Canada

MAD CLASS CONSCIOUSNESS

I have a son who is in the Peace Corps in Korea. He is teaching Conversational English at Hyoseong Women's College in Daegu. They have a student body of about 4000. I have been sending him MAD regularly, which he uses in the classrooms to explain and compare our sense of humor to theirs. He claims they go wild over MAD. I thought you'd like to learn how MAD is helping people all over the world to understand each other better.

Mrs. Cecelia A. Laturnau
Woodsville, New Hampshire

RANSOM NOTE COVER

I made the ransom payment, as prearranged, at my local newsstand. The "go-between" wasn't too happy about counting all my unmarked pennies!

Allyn Rose
Tenafly, N.J.

Please bring about Alfie's immediate release! Who knows what perverted and psychopathic things he'll do to his captors.

Jim Rife
Lancaster, Pa.

At last, the abduction is on the other foot! I've been a captive of MAD for years and no one has bothered to spring me.

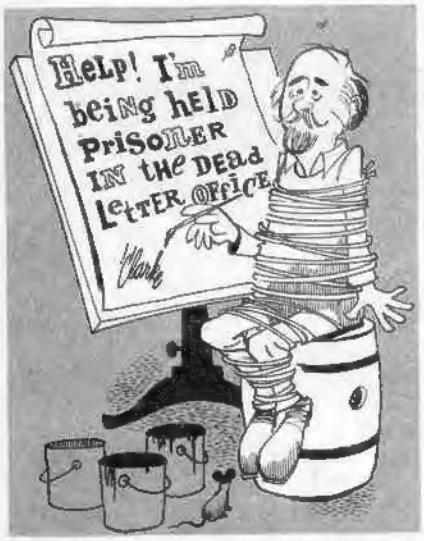
Irma Zwan
West Vancouver, B.C., Canada

Your cover on issue #191 was catchy, but I still say, "Who wants him?"

Alan Goren
Brooklyn, N.Y.

We have Bob Clarke. If you ever want to see him in MAD again, print this letter!

Scott Gosar
Reno, Nevada



Ransom Cover Artist Hostage Bob Clarke

YOU DON'T GIVE A . . .

Bob Jones's work on "You Don't Give A %#*&!★?" (Did I spell that right?) was very good, but don't you think MAD's about ready to spell out expletives? Percent signs and ampersands and stars seem sort of outdated nowadays. Besides, you left out ¶, which is one of my favorite euphemism marks, not to mention @ !

Timothy O. Lane
Baldwin Park, Calif.

WE'D LIKE TO SEE THE DAY WHEN . . .

I hate to have to contradict you, but you made a mistake in "We'd Like To See The Day When...": Politicians who break the law *are* treated like any other crooks! Their life sentences last a few months, "like any other crooks."

F. Soudee
Washington, D.C.

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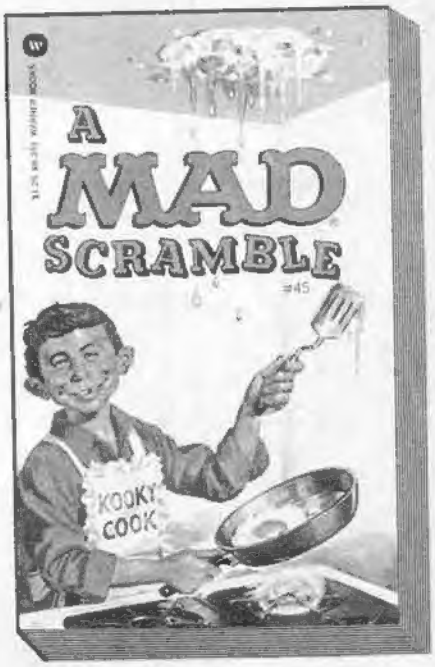
...and EGGSPOSE some EGGSTRAVAGANT EGGSPENDITURES

...and EGGSPLODE some EGGSAMPLES of EGGSPLOITATION

...and EGGSAMINE other EGGSTRANEOUS EGGSCREMENT!!



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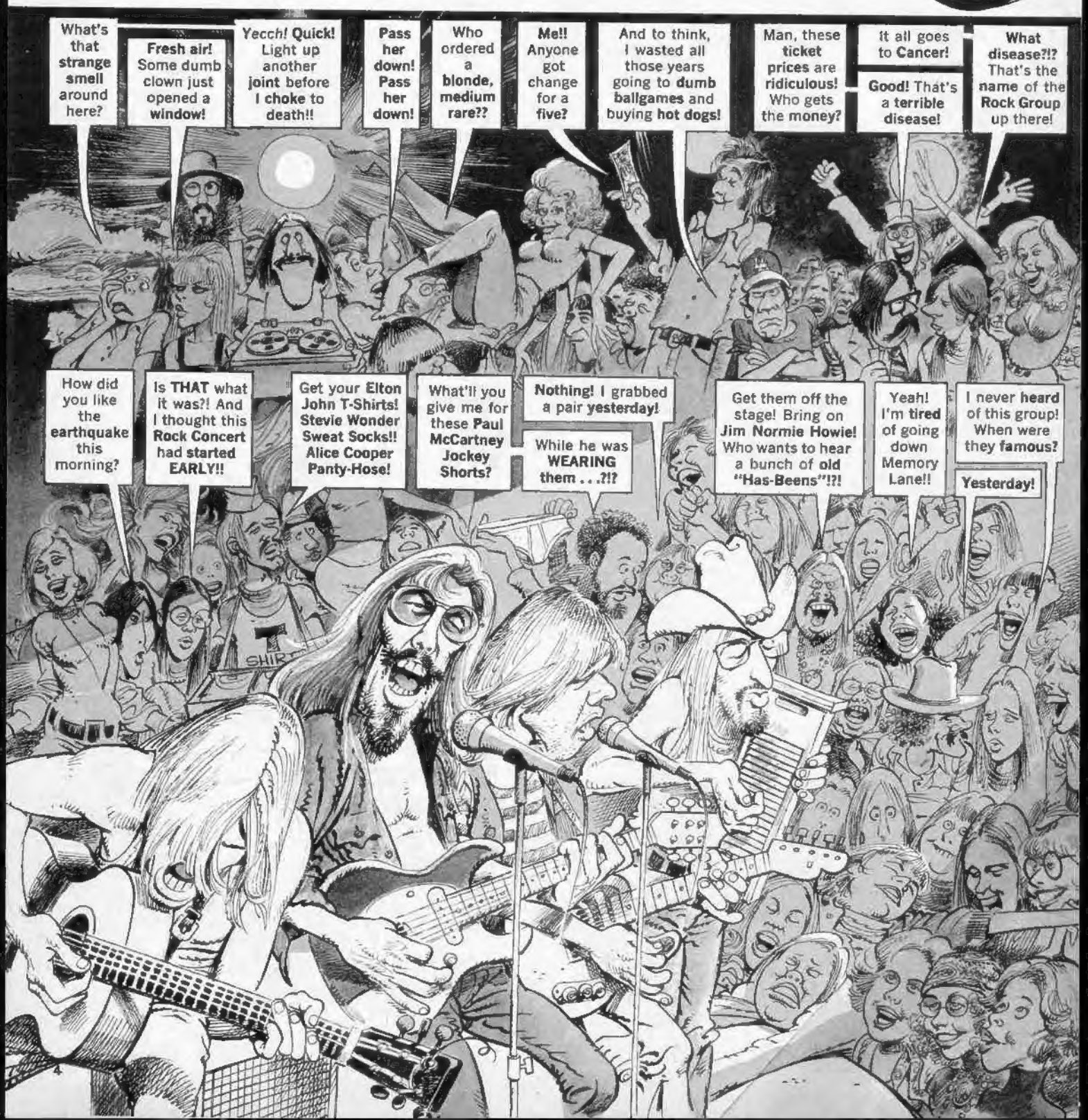
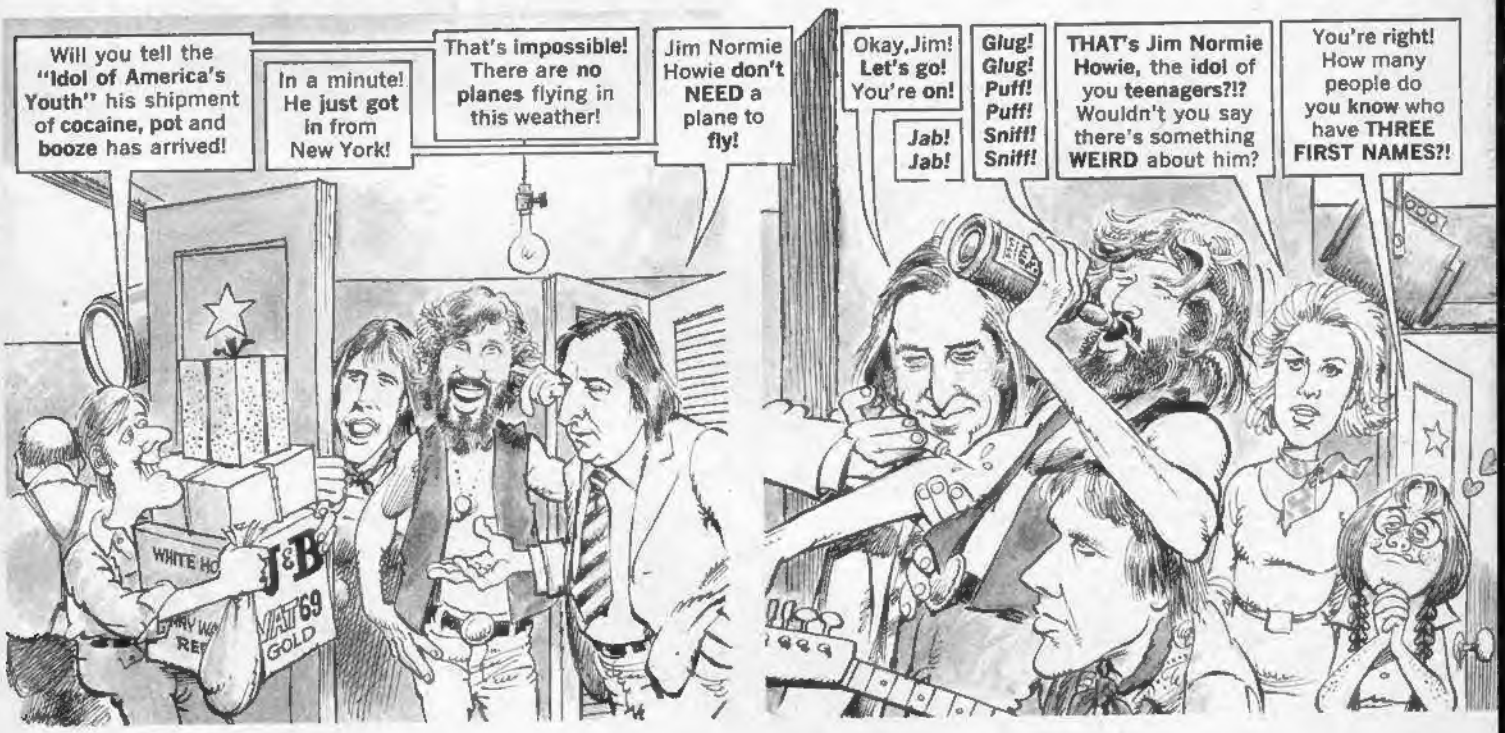
ROCK OF AGED DEPT.

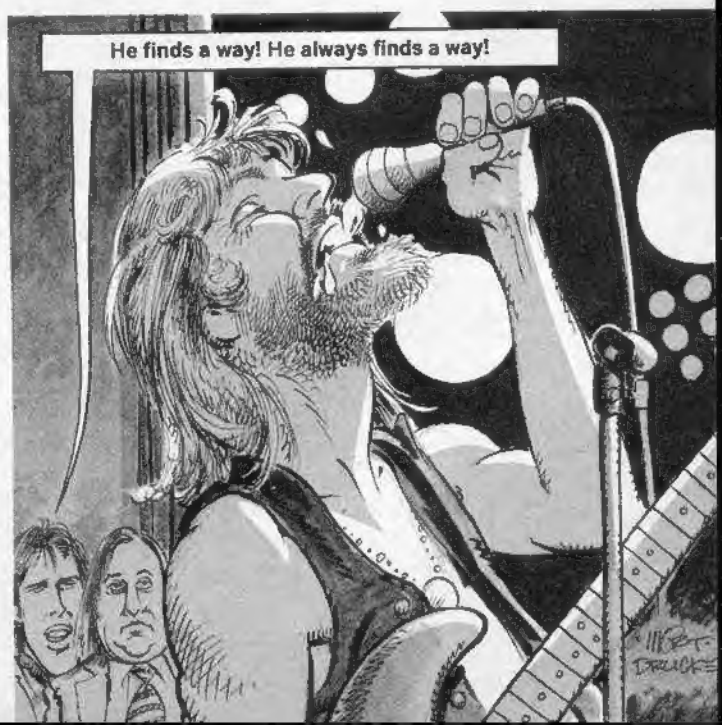
Forty years ago, Hollywood made a film about an unknown girl from a small town who comes to Hollywood and becomes a movie star. The film was a huge success. A few years later, they decided to make the same picture over... and again it was a hit. Now, they've made the picture for the third time, only it's not about an actress, but a singer; and the background isn't the movies, but the Rock Music scene. Well, you know how Hollywood works: Keep doing something until you get it wrong! Which is what they did! Yep, even with a Superstar like Barbra Streisand in full control of production, this new version clearly demonstrates once again that, most of the time, when a Superstar with a super ego attempts to step beyond her talent as a performer



AR'S A BOMB

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL





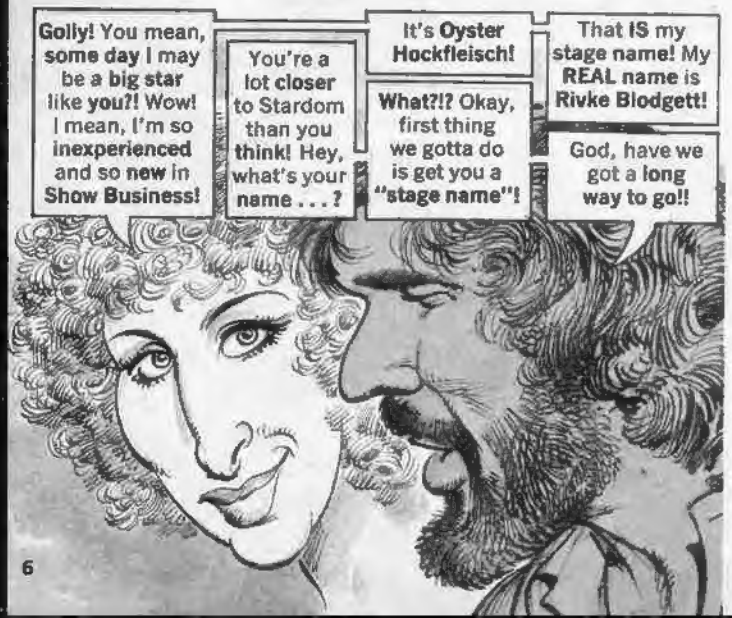
Hi, folks! Welcome to the Nothing Bar! I'm a naive, unknown singer from Brooklyn, trying to get my act together with these nice colored ladies!
"...nice colored ladies"?!? This ofay chick reminds me of Thanks-giving!
Oh?! Why?! 'Cause she's a feast for the eyes?
No, 'cause if'n she don't mind her mouth, she's gonna be a dead turkey!!

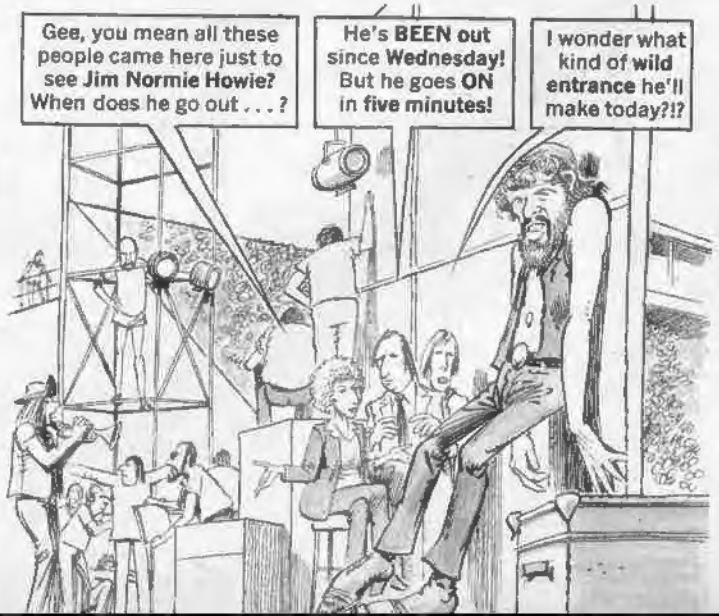
Queen Bee can't sit on her throne!
Doo-wah!
She got stung in her butt by a Drone!
Doo-wah!
Hey, Man . . . look who just came in! It's Jim Normie Howie, the famous crocked star!
Don't you mean ROCK STAR . . .?
You heard me!
Er—my usual spot on the floor, Rocco?
Yes, sir, Mister Howie!

What is he doing THERE?
That's his usual spot on the floor!

Hey, you're blowing my act!
God, but you're ugly!
God, but you're drunk!
Yeah . . . but I'll be SOBER in the morning!

Look . . . how'd you like to travel around with me, and watch me in action? I'll break you in, I'll help you develop, I'll bring out all the great things in you . . .
You—you'll make me a singer?!?
That, too!!


Golly! You mean, some day I may be a big star like you?! Wow! I mean, I'm so inexperienced and so new in Show Business!
You're a lot closer to Stardom than you think! Hey, what's your name . . . ?
It's Oyster Hockfleisch!
What?!? Okay, first thing we gotta do is get you a "stage name"!
That IS my stage name! My REAL name is Rivke Blodgett!
God, have we got a long way to go!!


Gee, you mean all these people came here just to see Jim Normie Howie? When does he go out . . . ?
He's BEEN out since Wednesday! But he goes ON in five minutes!
I wonder what kind of wild entrance he'll make today?!?

Hey . . . he's only coming in on a motorcycle! That's cool! He sure has settled down since he met you, Oyster!

You call THAT settling down!?

Sure! Last week, he crashed into Madison Square Garden in a "7 Santini Brothers" Moving Van! What a mess THAT was!!

Yeah! It's now the "3 Santini Brothers"!

What a sickening sound! The screech of brakes, the crash of instruments, the roar of metal hitting those screaming bodies! What will we do . . . ?!

Well, for one thing, we won't tell the fans in the Bleachers!! They think they just heard the OPENING NUMBER!!

You gotta cool it, Jim! You almost killed yourself at the concert!

I will! How do you like my new Beverly Hills pad?

It's real neat! Would it be okay if I spray-paint my name on this bare white wall?

Sure! What a romantic idea!

I'm up in the attic, now . . . and I'm almost finished . . .

Damn! I knew I should have invited Carly Simon instead!

OYSTER HO

Oyster, baby . . . I've been wanting to do this for the longest time, but there's always been something in the way . . . stopping me!!

My morals? My scruples? My breeding . . . ?

Your nose!

Oh, Man . . . this is so wild . . . so freaky!! I've never done anything like it before!!

You mean . . . wild sex in the afternoon . . . ?

No! Take a bath!!

And now . . . Ladies and Gentlemen . . . at this benefit for the American Indian, we give you America's Number One Rock Star himself! Here he is, JIM NORMIE HOWIE!!

We need HIM on our side like we need JOHN WAYNE!

Oyster . . . I can't go on!

Bombed again?! Yesterday, you swore to me you were on the WAGON!

Honey, I WAS!! It happened to be a BUDWEISER BEER WAGON!! Oh, Man, the sound of those ridiculously huge horses, klop-klop-klopping in my ears!

Baby . . . I want you to go out there FOR me!

ME!? Oyster Hockfleisch?!? An unknown kid from Flatbush?!? You want me to go out and sing for the great Jim Normie Howie?!?

Good luck, Baby! I'll call you later!

Don't call me, Sweetie! I'll call you!

Hit it, guys!

Hi, Redskin-Lovers! You ain't heard nuthin' yet!

I want your fingernails scraping on the blackboard of my soul! Ooooh . . . give me scars of love around the hairs on my mole! You're terrific! You're the top! Punch my mouth in, baby! It feels so good when you stop! Yeah!

Wow! She's great! She's fantastic!

For a dreamy ballad, sure! But how is she on Hard Rock??

Well, Oyster, you're a big star now . . . and I'm on the way down!

Don't say that, Jim! You'll always be a big star! Everyone knows that!!

. . . I now pronounce you "Bum and Wife"!

Now cut that out!

Ooops! I'm sorry! You may kiss the Bride now, Mr. Hockfleisch!

You did it again!!

Jim, stop worrying about your career! Everything will be okay!

I guess you're right! Well, this is where we're going to live! Isn't it fantastic?! No pollution . . . no noise . . . no traffic!

No house!!

Don't worry! I'm gonna build you one with my bare hands!

THERE GOES THE NEIGHBORHOOD!

I'm almost finished! It's gonna be the house of your dreams!

Gee, the house of my dreams! I can hardly wait to see it . . . !!

THIS is the house of my DREAMS?!?

You SAID you dream about your house in Brooklyn all the time!!

Those aren't DREAMS, idiot! Those are NIGHTMARES!!

It'll be great! You'll see! A little fixing up, a little paint, a little plaster, a lot of Blacks and Puerto Ricans . . . you'll LOVE it!!

BAR

Jim Normie Howie, what are you trying to do on that motorcycle . . . KILL YOURSELF?!?

No, baby! No! Just dig that sound . . . !!

You big dope! Why aren't you working . . . making the music you're famous for?

This is IT, Baby!

ROARRR

Let's go, Oyster! We'll be late for the Grammy Awards show!

I'm worried about Jim, Brain! Ever since my rise to the top . . . and his fall to the bottom, he's lost all of his confidence! He thinks He's a "second-class citizen" around here!

That's hard to believe! One thing Jim has is his pride! And he fights for his rights!!

We'll be back late, Honey! When you finish in here, you can do a little dusting inside, and then get to the windows!

I don't DO windows!

What did I tell you!?

. . . and finally . . . the nominees for "Performer Of The Year" are . . .

. . . Oyster Hockfleisch . . . The Captain and Schlemiel . . . Tony Fernando and Yawn!

And the winner is . . . OYSTER HOCKFLEISCH!!

Hi, folks! I—I jush wanna shay you're all full of ☹☠!☠★ and you can all go☹☠!#★☹!

Oyster, look at that poor wreck of a human being! No matter how "big" you make it in life, I hope you've learned an important moral lesson from all of this . . .

I sure did! Leave a Maid alone for a minute, and you can bet they'll find the Liquor Cabinet!!

Jim's hit a new low, Brain! He's gotta make a comeback! You've got to find him a booking . . . a recording date . . . ANYTHING!!

Well, I AM looking for singing insects in a new "Raid" commercial!

What?!? You don't put a man of Jim's stature in a chorus of singing insects! It's degrading!

You're right! Now, I'm not making any promises, understand . . . but there may be . . . repeat . . . MAY BE an opening for the LEAD COCKROACH . . . !!

Now you're talking!

Jim, Honey . . . I've got great news! You're gonna be working again, and our marriage is saved, and . . . What's THIS?!?

Oh! Er—Hi, Oyster! This is Fern! Her—her Husband died recently . . . and she's very lonely . . . and . . .

I thought you don't do Widows!

That's WINDOWS!!

Oyster, can you ever forgive me . . . ?

Get out!!

But I—I still love you!

Come back!

Then you'll give me another chance?

Get out!

What a life! First I'm a Maid! Now, I'm a yo-yo!

S'long, Oyster! I'm leaving you for good!!

Jim, come back!! You can't drive in your condition!!

ROARRR

CRASH!

ROK-364 CALIFORNIA

I warned him! I begged him! You KNOW what a boozer he was! He always drove while he was bombed! Well, today, for the first time in his life, he could see straight and he could think straight!

Then . . . then what happened?!

Brain, do you know what it's like to get your first really clear look at a California Freeway . . . !? The madmen behind the wheels! The idiots cutting you off at 95 miles an hour! Believe me . . . it can scare you to death!!

Y-you mean, he died as a result of . . .

Right! SOBER DRIVING!!

LS 901

LA JOLLA SAN DIEGO SOUTH

That great lady is up there . . . singing her heart out for a VERY WORTHY CAUSE!

What's she raising money for? The Heart Fund? Birth Defects? Hemophilia . . . ?

The American Economy! Ever since her Husband died a year ago, a pivotal section of our economy has been on the verge of BANKRUPTCY!

And what pivotal section of our economy is that . . . ?

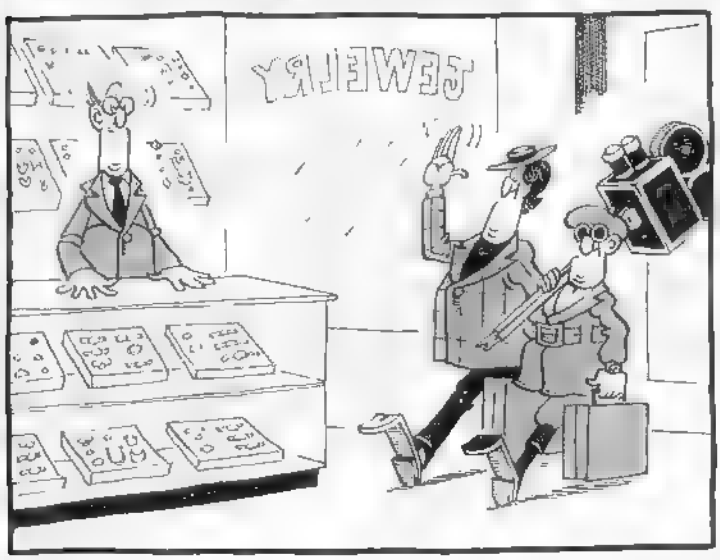
The LIQUOR Industry!

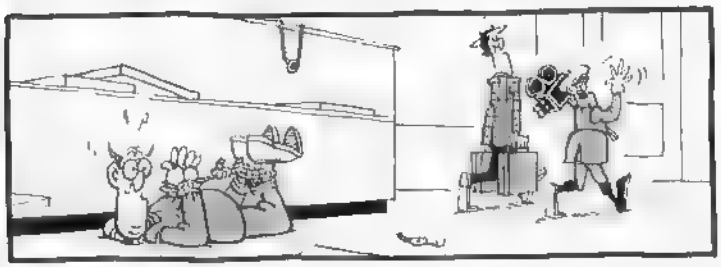
OYSTER HOCKFLEISH'S SAVE AMERICA BENEFIT ROCK CONCERT

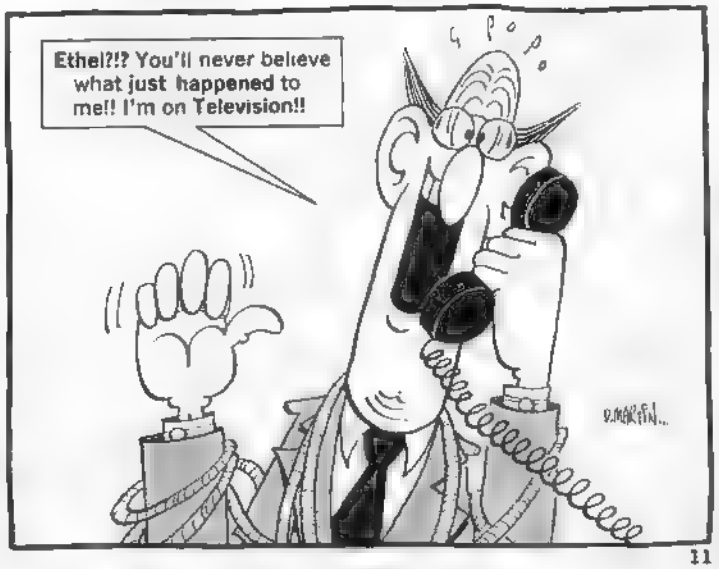
RUMBLE

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

ONE MONDAY AFTERNOON IN A DOWNTOWN JEWELERY STORE





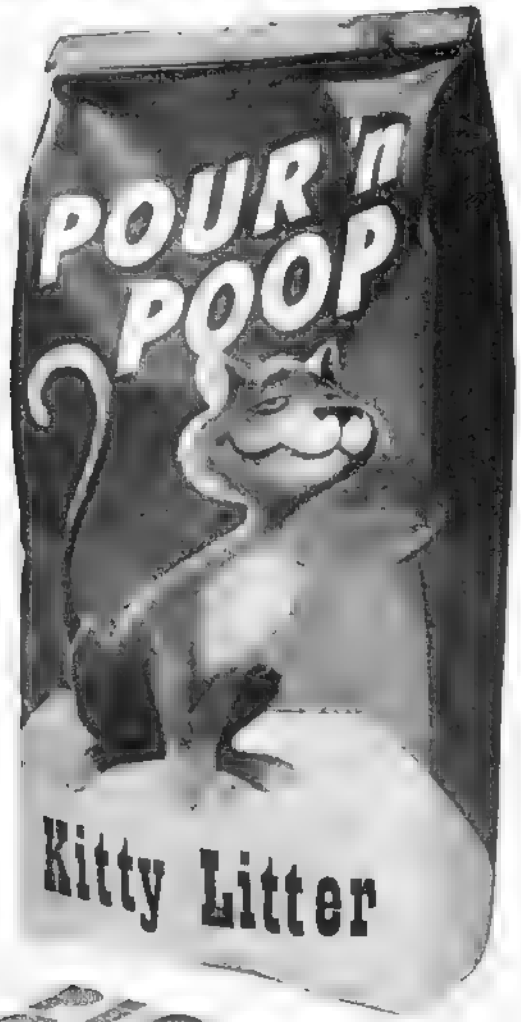


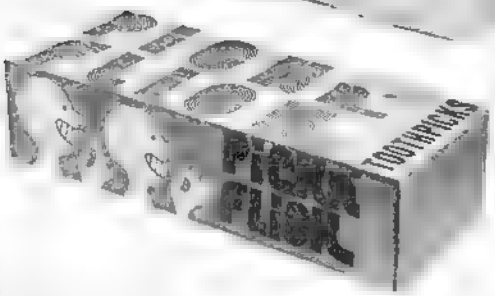
There's a strange new trend in the *Name That Consumer Product* segment of Industry. It's the "Give it a *PAIR* of names that tell what it's supposed to do!" trend. Like f'rinstance these familiar products:

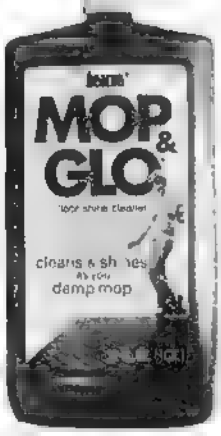
SHOW AND SELL DEPT.

MAD PRODUCTS WITH

ARTIST · BOB CLARKE



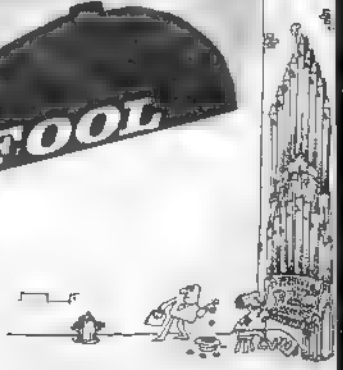




Well, we at MAD think this dumb trend will be carried to idiotic lengths and we'll soon be seeing things like these...

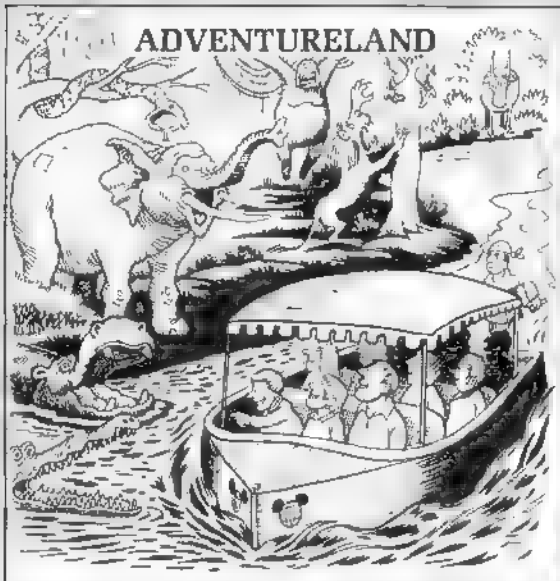
PAIRED NAMES THAT TELL WHAT IT IS SUPPOSED TO DO

WRITER: AL JAFFEE



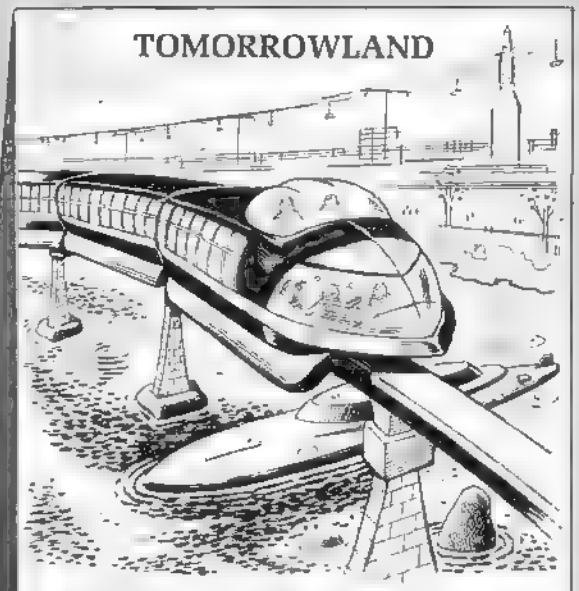
Anyone who has been to Florida or California is probably familiar with Disney World and Disneyland. They are, of course, the fantastic, multi-million dollar amusement parks which allow visitors to step into an incredible, make-believe world of fun and splendor, and are basically divided into these four sections:

ADVENTURELAND

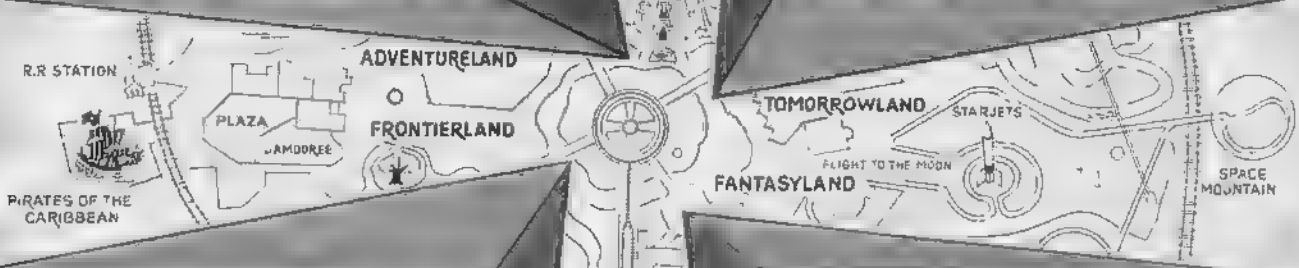


Here, you can go into an eerie Haunted Mansion, see the Pirates Of The Caribbean, visit the Swiss Family Robinson's Tree House and take a Jungle Boat Ride.

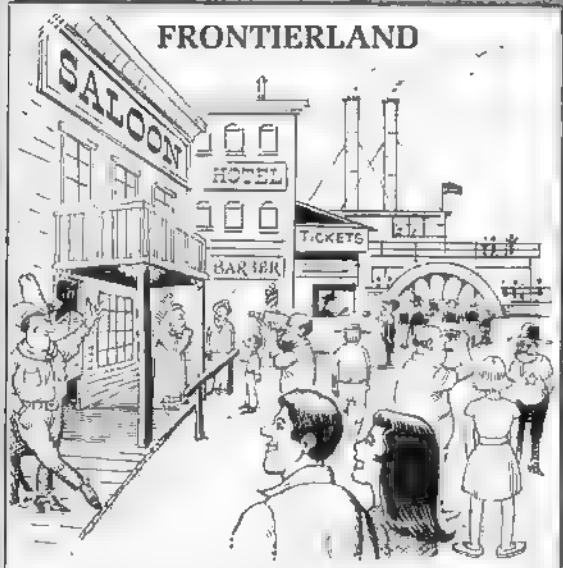
TOMORROWLAND



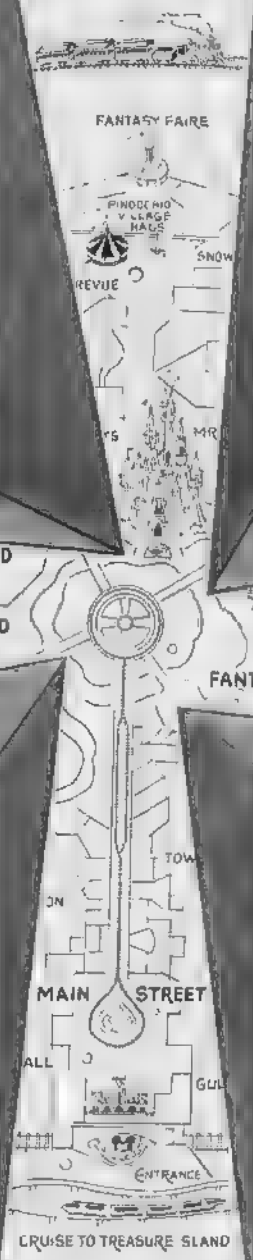
Here, you can see a rendition of how the future may look as you experience a Rocket Ride, travel in a Futuristic Monorail and taste the World of Tomorrow



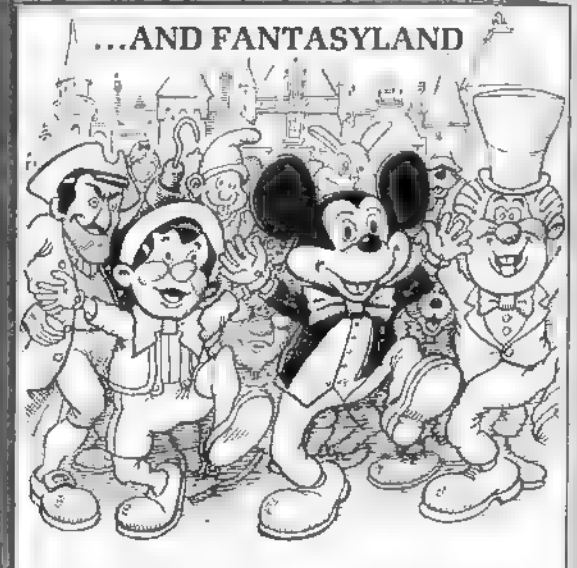
FRONTIERLAND



Here, you can step back into the days of America's past and walk down an old Western Street, take an old Steamboat Ride and travel on an old Mine Train.



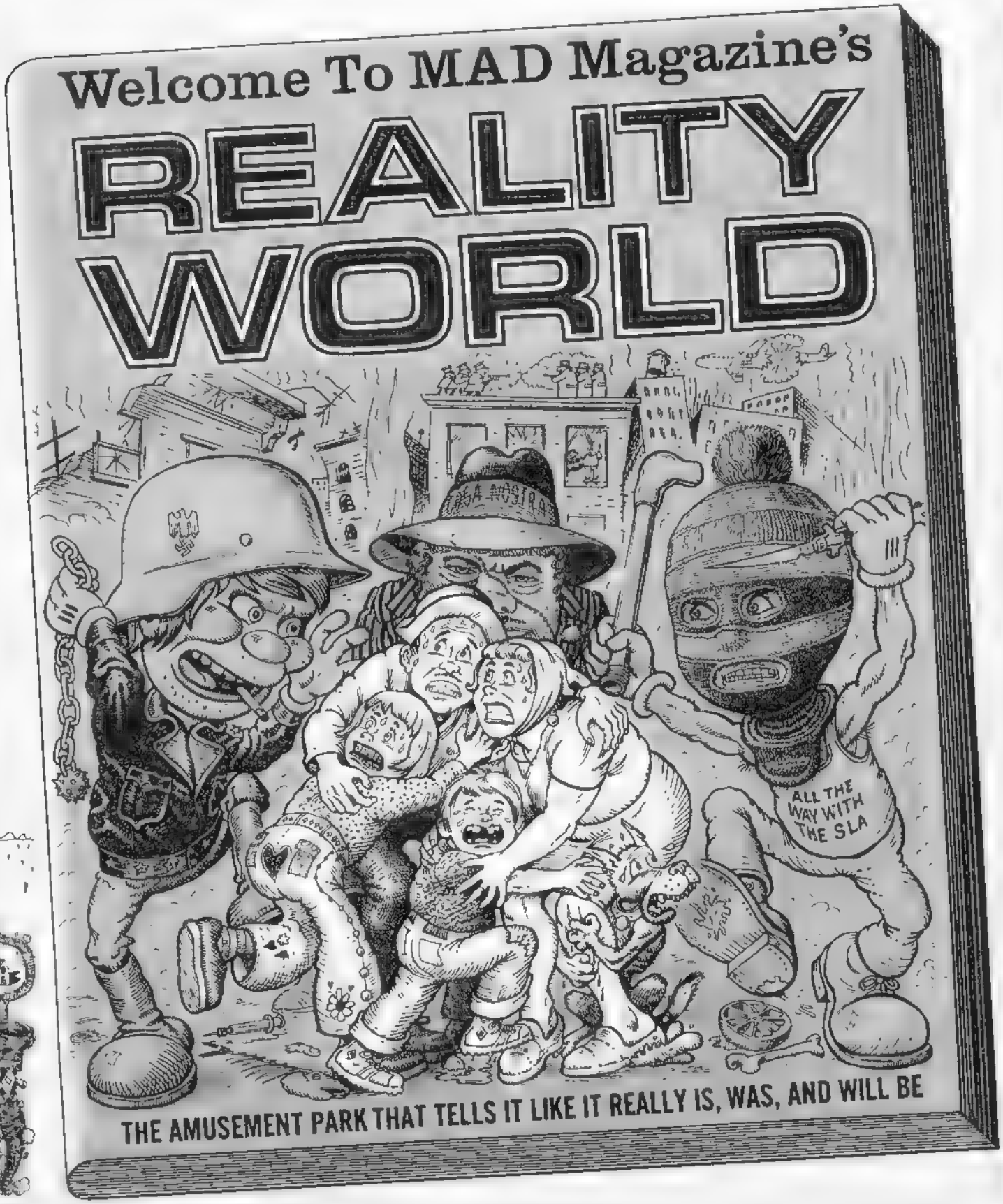
...AND FANTASYLAND



Here in this never-never land, you can see the world of Alice in Wonderland, visit Snow White's Castle and watch your favorite fairy tale characters come alive.

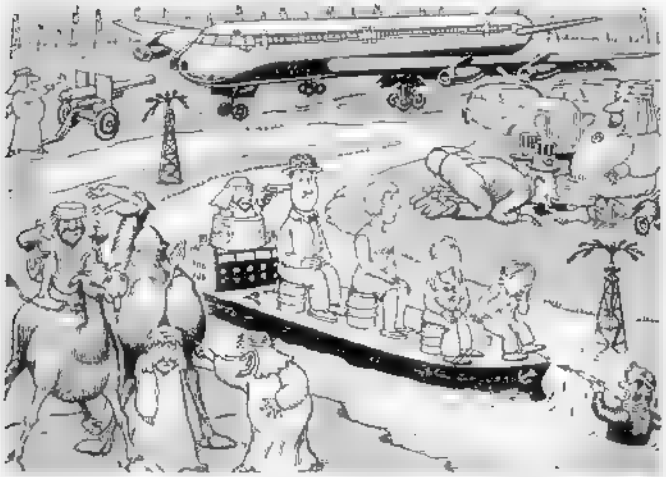
ARTIST: AL JAFFEE WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL IDEA BY: MARC BILGREY

Well, all that is fine, and a lot of fun. But, let's face it, it's not really telling it like it *is*, or *was*, or the way it's *going to be*. If we at MAD were building an amusement park, we'd make it a little more down-to-earth and a lot more up-to-date. In fact, the Guide Book to it would look something like this:



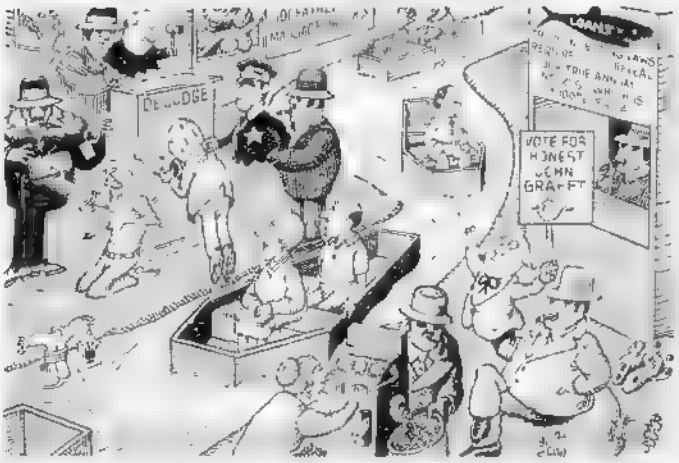
ADVENTURELAND

The Pirates Of The Middle East



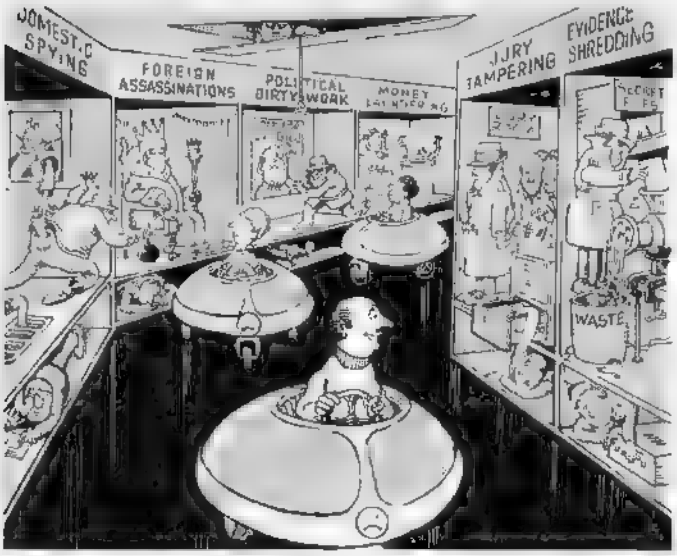
Take an exciting ride on a miniature oil tanker through Middle Eastern waters. Thrill to realistic gushing oil wells. See life-like American oilmen licking the feet of wealthy Arab sheiks, who raise millions of barrels of oil every day and oil prices every week. Marvel at the realistic aura of earthy Arab life. Smell the pungent scent of Camel dung. Smell the even more pungent scent of Arab dung. Chuckle as cute little armed Arab terrorists hijack make-believe planes, make-believe trains, and your own real tanker. Most visitors will be released immediately. However, Jewish visitors are advised to bring several changes of clothes and a minimum of three week's rations.

It's A Crime World After All



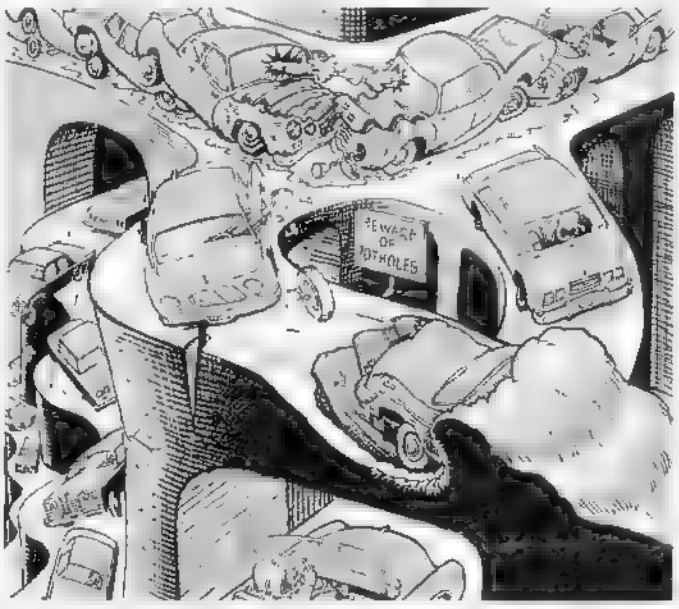
Go on a never-to-be forgotten trip through the thrilling world of Organized Crime. See cunning little Mafia dolls from countries all over the world. Hear them sing that catchy theme song, "It's A Crime World After All!" in 14 unmistakable tongues: French, German, Spanish, Japanese, etc., all in one unmistakable accent: Sicilian. See them display their worldly possessions: Factories, Businesses, Judges, Police Chiefs, Congressmen. Watch realistic dolls representing people from all over the world as they smile with their eyes, laugh through the mouth and pay through the nose. See how the Mafia controls everything. Rides depart every 20 minutes. Return trips depend on you, and how you cooperate. They also control this amusement park.

The CIA Jungle Ride



Enjoy a memorable experience riding your own car through the CIA Jungle and watching life-like models of real CIA agents bugging citizens, aliens and each other. Thrill as you see them dispose of a different World Leader every 17 minutes and start a new War every 30 minutes. You'll laugh . . . you'll cheer . . . you'll talk about this ride for months to come. But you'd better say nice things about it because this car . . . and your house back home . . . are also being bugged, and they'll know exactly what you're saying.

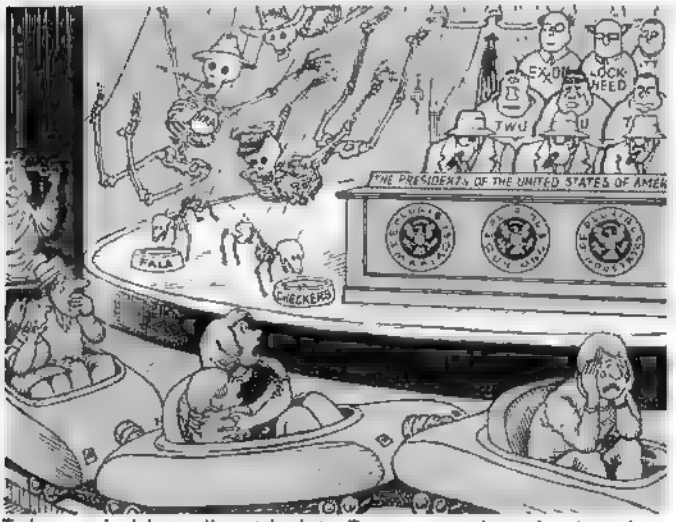
The Splatterhorn



Savor the countless thrills of our most breath-taking ride as you take the wheel of a real automobile and go speeding up and down twisting roads . . . making death-defying turns, screeching stops, and blood-curdling collisions. This is a once-in-a-lifetime flirtation with death for fun-loving people who have never driven "The Indianapolis 500". . . or never tried to park their cars in a 4-story indoor garage.

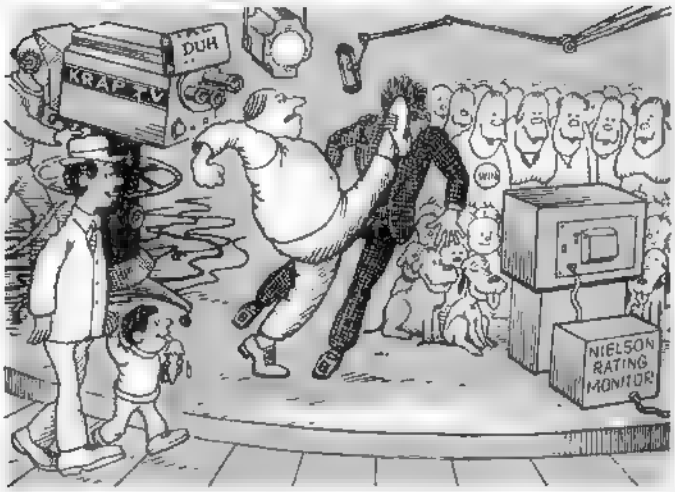
TOMORROWLAND

The Haunted White House



Take a mind-boggling trip into Tomorrow when the American Presidency no longer exists, and the country is ruled by the CIA, the Teamsters Union, and 10 Multinational Corporations. Visit The Haunted White House of bygone days, and re-live old Presidential memories. See skeletons of past Presidents pop from closets, and hear ghostly voices of these Presidential eras: 1952-1960—"That is . . . what I mean to say . . . Well . . . But on the other hand . . . Er . . ." 1960-1963—"Roll me over in the clover . . ." 1963-1968—"I give the war in Vietnam one more week . . ." 1968-1974—"I am not a crook . . ." and 1974-1976—"Duhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

Tomorrow's TV Shows

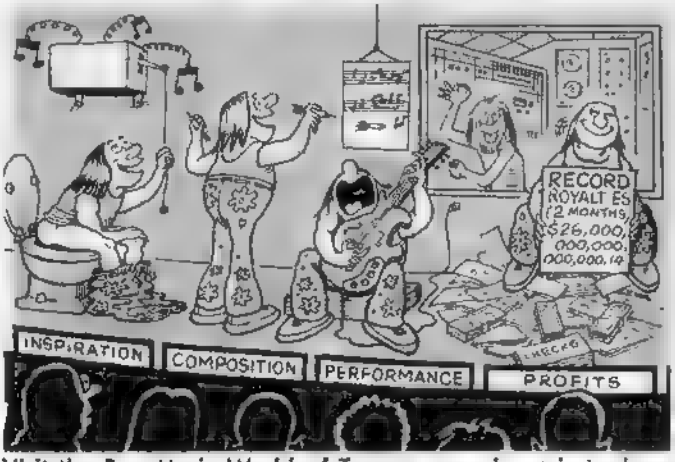


Visit a typical TV Studio of Tomorrow, and watch future television shows being made. See Tony Orlando kiss a man in his audience for the 812th time and finally get kicked in his teeth. Hear Sonny Bono speak his first three words of coherent English. And discover the most expensive rip-off in TV history, which cost Advertisers and Networks billions of dollars: Namely, that the only members of the Nielsen families who have been watching the so-called "Hit Shows" are 64 infants, 19 Mongoloid idiots and 11 dogs. And the most popular TV shows of the past 20 years were really "The Montefuscos," "Me And The Chimp," "My Mother, The Car" and "Saturday Night—Live—With Howard Cosell."

The Movies Of The Future

Enter a Hollywood Movie Set of the future. See what will happen when a once sex-starved nation gets bored with all those X-Rated films, and the standard erotic areas of the human body become obsolete because of too much exposure, and new things begin to turn people on. Watch the filming of such new-wave sex films of Tomorrow as "Deep Armpit," "Last Elbow In Paris," and "The Stewardess's Ear-Lobes." Also watch them make the ultimate catastrophe movie of Tomorrow, a logical successor to "The Towering Inferno," and "Earthquake," about how the entire East Coast of the United States is engulfed in a raging, uncontrolled torrent of water in the $20 million disaster epic, "Toilet."

Tomorrow's Music Scene



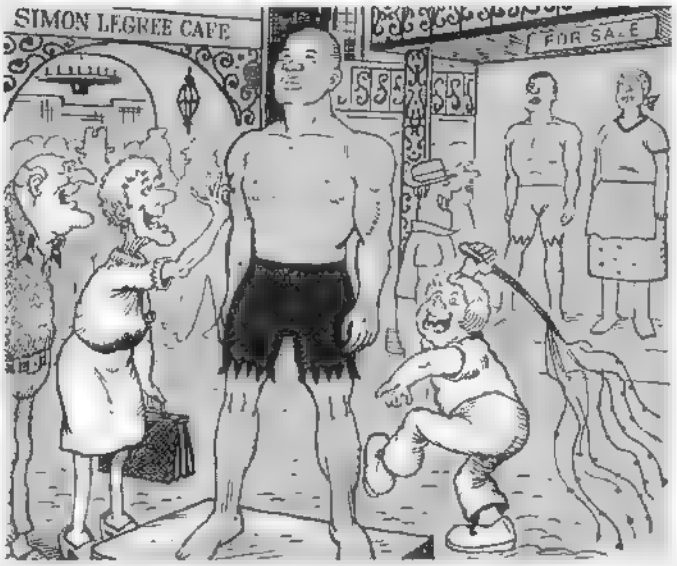
Visit the Pop Music World of Tomorrow and see just where current music trends will take us. Watch actual pop songs being written in 8 seconds by a puppet representing a British singer. Hear him sing it in an American Western accent, even though he arrived from Liverpool last week. See the song reach Number One on the charts in 2 hours. See it disappear in 3 hours. See the singer collect his profits from the tune and buy Indonesia. Watch a puppet representing Elton John get sick from eating pizza, then rent out Grand Canyon and charge 4 million teenagers $25 each to hear him burp for 12 hours. Since this isn't much different from what's happening now, the exact same thing can also be seen in the exhibit, "Today's Music Scene."

FRONTIERLAND

The Winning Of The West

Return to America's colorful past. See a Western Town as it really was, not how it is in the movies. See realistic, dirty, illiterate cowboys and the ugliest women on record. You'll shudder at the realistic foul language, you'll marvel at the realistic mud, you'll puke at the realistic puke. Then gather around a realistic campfire and hear the actual real words of those old familiar cowboy songs like "Home Of The Strange," "Bury Me Now, 'Cause I Got V.D." and "As I Squatted Down In The Streets Of Laredo."

In Old New Orleans



Walk through an amazing replica of New Orleans of the mid-1800's. Eat authentic Shrimp Creole and enjoy one of the true pleasures of the Old South: The "Slave Auction." See realistic puppets of slaves—sold before your very eyes. Get into the fun. Feel their life-like muscles, inspect their almost authentic teeth, whip their quivering backs. Relive your glorious American heritage and buy a slave of your own. They make dandy souvenirs. Wind them up, and they'll pick your cotton, sing spirituals and tap dance.

The Great Gold Rush

Experience a great moment in American History as you watch life-like Forty-Niners moving across the continent to California and staking claims, mining gold, boozing, gambling and fighting. See how our important and treasured American values were born . . . namely: Murder, violence, corruption and greed.

Frontier Heroism

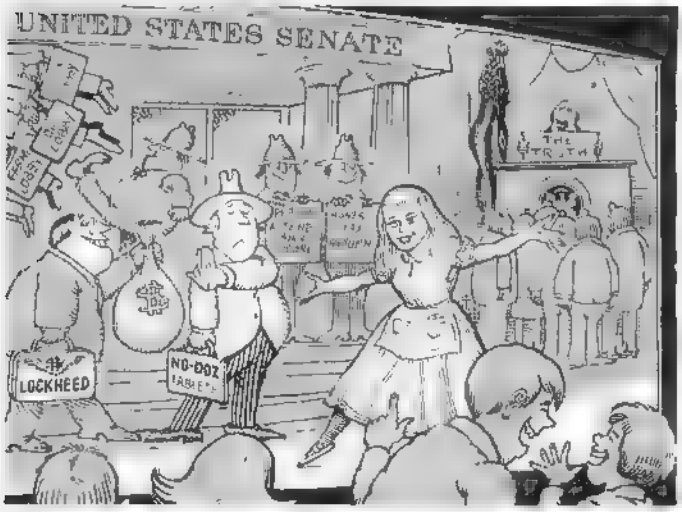
Re-live a momentous page in America's past. See realistic renditions of U.S. Cavalrymen in action, paving the way for a young nation's Westward Expansion. See them galloping off into the sunset, charting the American Dream, capturing the American Imagination . . . and screwing the American Indian.

Religion In Action

See Religion in action in America's past. Watch life-like families turn to God and prayer in their hours of need. See realistic pioneers praying for strength to survive the rigorous life, for ability to reach spiritual fulfillment, and for steady trigger fingers to shoot Indians in the gut.

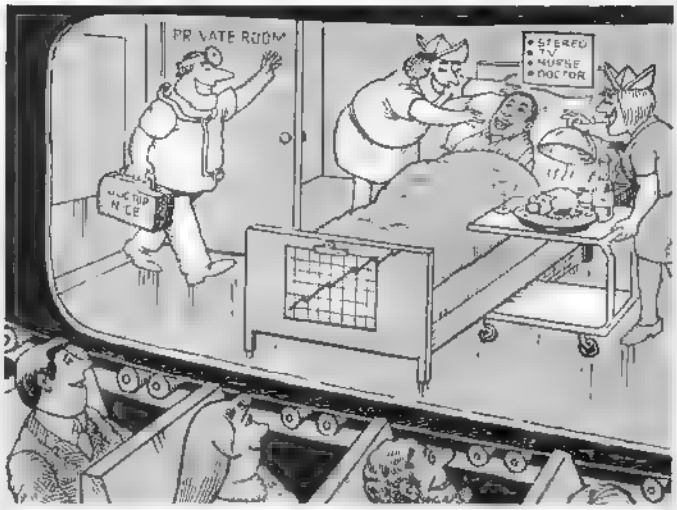
FANTASYLAND

Alice in Washingtonland



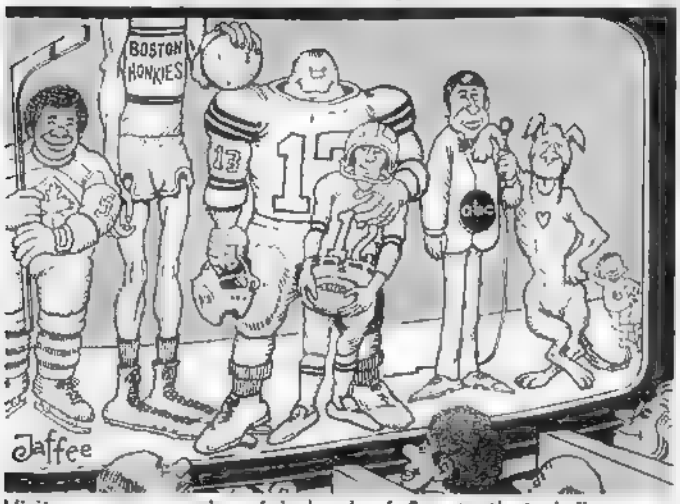
Join one of your favorite story-book characters, Alice, as she visits an incredible never-never land version of Washington, D.C. See life-like Senator puppets engaging in such unbelievable activities as: showing up, staying awake, keeping their mouths closed, turning down bribes, filing honest income tax returns and kicking lobbyists out of their offices. It's a mind-boggling experience in our nation's capital that you will never forget, topped off by one of the most fantastic exhibits of all. See a remarkably realistic puppet of the President actually tell the truth to Congress, the Press and the American people.

Make-Believe Sickness Castle



Hop on a moving stretcher and enter a make-believe wonderland: A hospital that only exists in dreams. See life-like patients lying in beds that are actually in rooms, not in corridors. See them eating real food, not garbage. Watch realistic-looking doctors walk into rooms and say, "Good morning," without charging $50 for it. See a patient go through an entire nose job operation—and live! Marvel at unbelievably pleasant nurses who actually answer buzzers. And most incredible of all, watch a patient get out of bed and bend over to pick up his slippers, while a nearby nurse never once sticks a thermometer up his behind.

Fairyland Of Sports



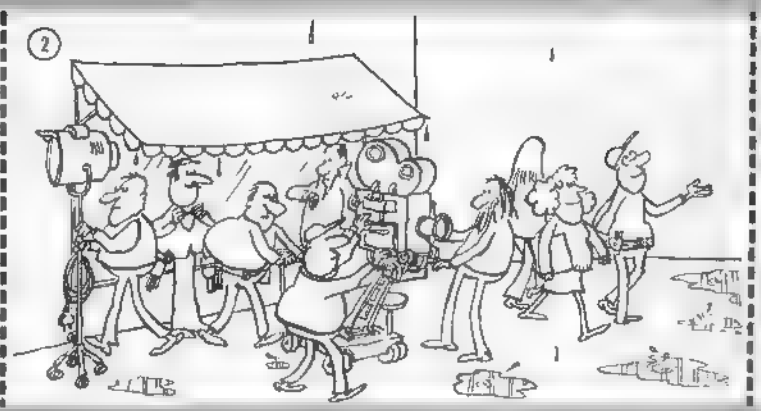
Visit an eye-popping fairyland of Sports that defies your imagination. Meet incredible football spectators that do not drink beer and who cheer losing coaches for giving a good try. See fantastic dogs who don't foam at the mouth and run across fields during games. See even more fantastic TV announcers who don't foam at the mouth and just announce during games. Watch an unbelievable 290-pound lineman who doesn't decapitate a quarterback after the play is whistled dead . . . and it's an hour later in the locker room. See a basketball team with a real live White player and a hockey team with a real live Black player.

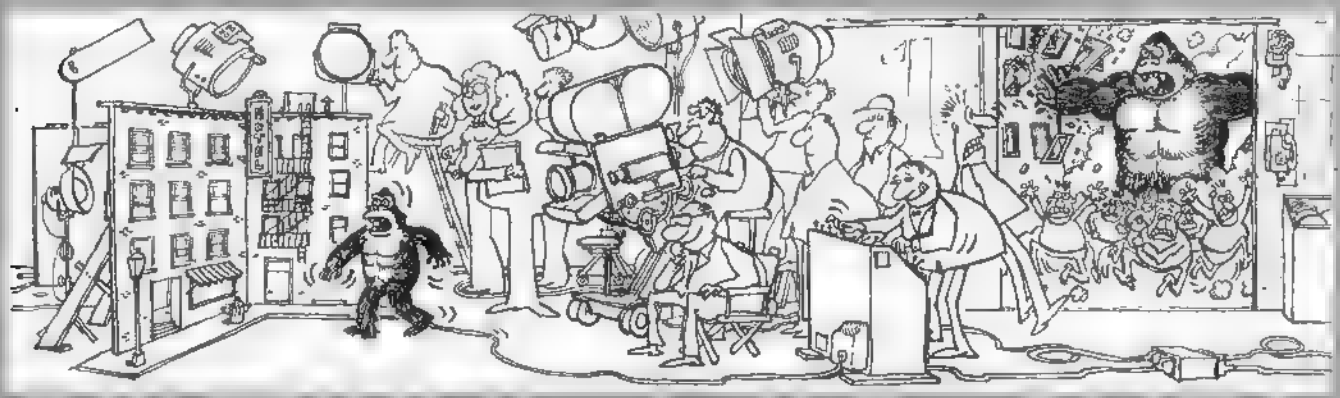
Main Streets, New York City

One of the most fantastic conceptions of New York City ever created. Walk down clean streets with no garbage under foot, and no dog-doo to step over. Gaze in wonder at courteous motorists who stop for pedestrians. Look with astonishment at the absence of muggers. Faint dead away at friendly cops and smiling storekeepers who use "Good Morning," and other foreign expressions. At the completion of ride, leave through the green exit door. For visiting New Yorkers who may be homesick for your real city, leave through the red exit door where you'll be beaten, robbed and raped by realistic mugger puppets.

FILM-FLAM DEPT.

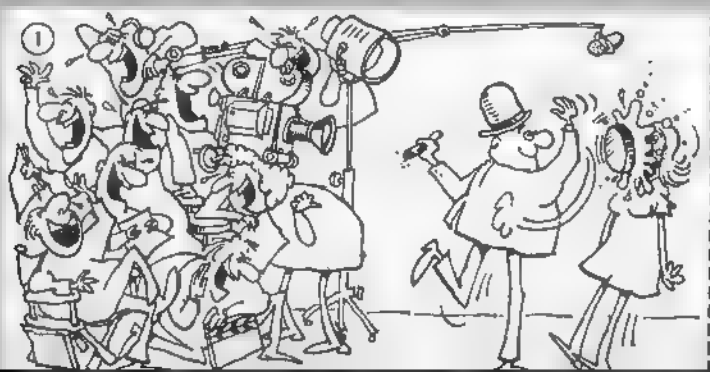
A MAD LOOK AT

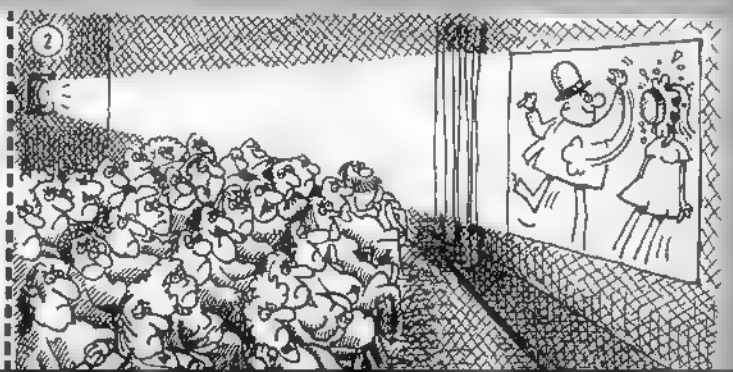


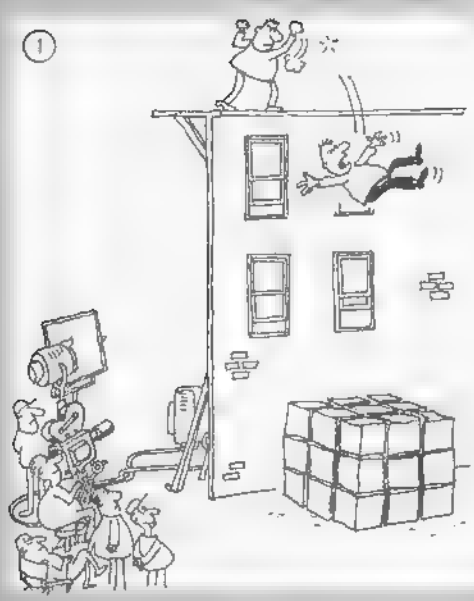


MOVIE MAKING

ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES



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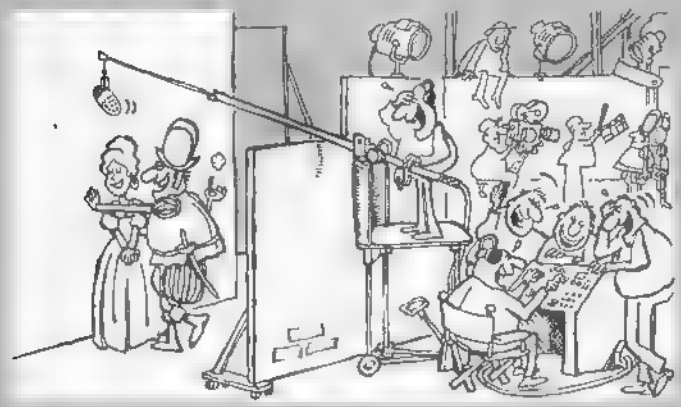
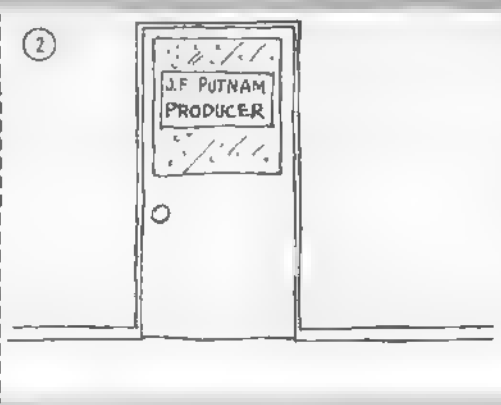
3
PIPES
PIPES



1
BANK

1
J.F PUTNAM
PRODUCER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J.F PUTNAM
PRODUCER

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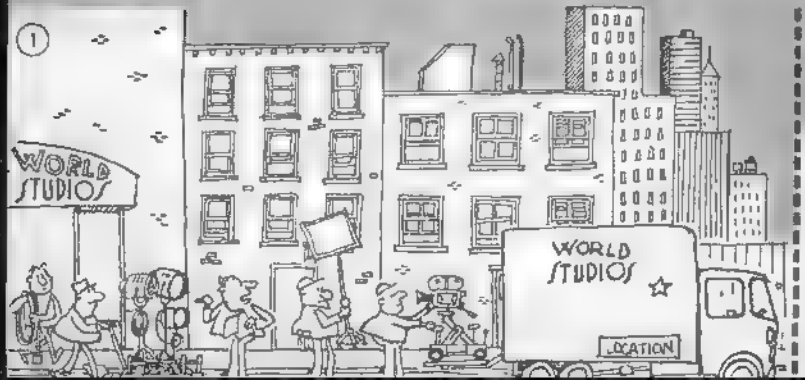
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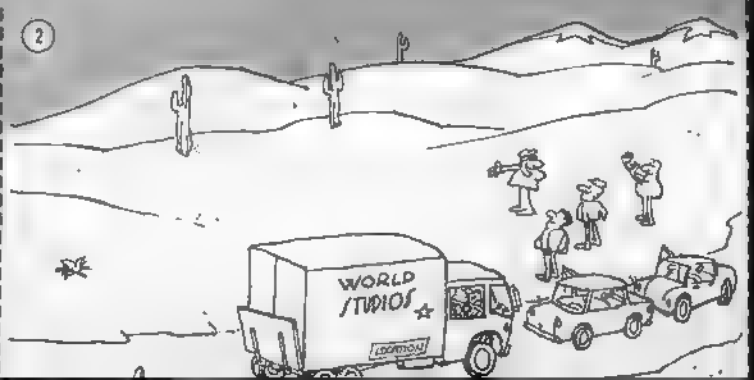
WORLD STUDIOS
WORLD STUDIOS
LOCATION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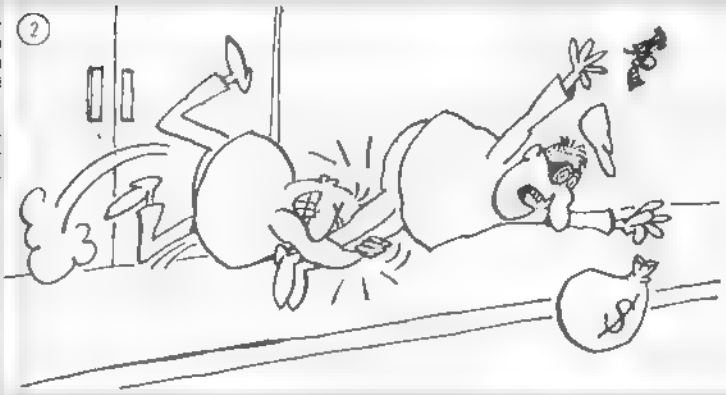
WORLD STUDIOS
LOCATION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BANK

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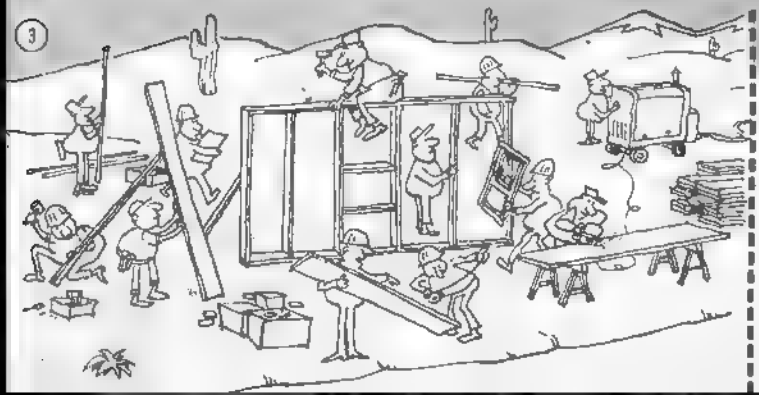
PP CLARKE
CPA
ACCOUNTANT
J F PUTNAM
PRODUCER

STUDIO CAFETERIA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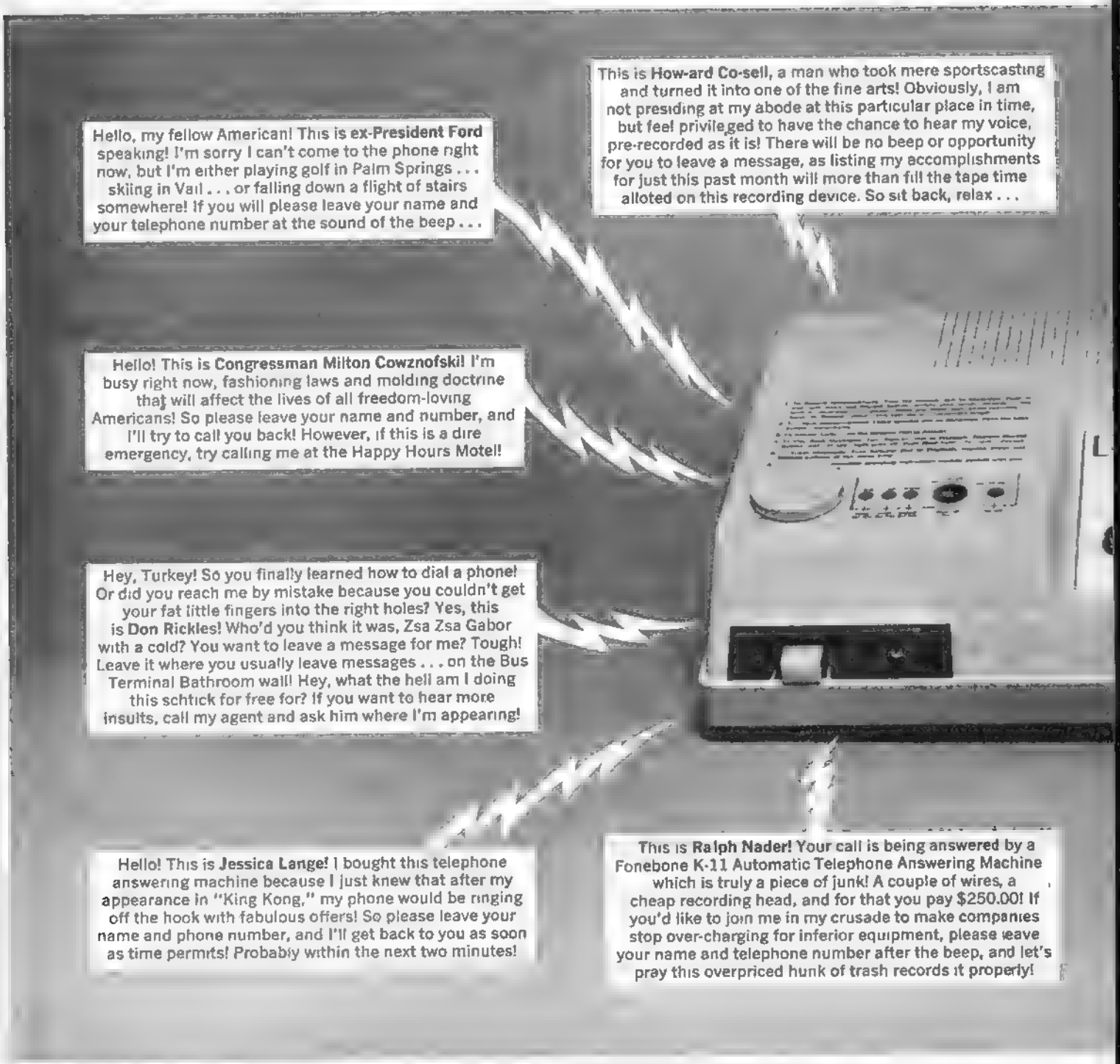
FONE-BONUS DEPT.

FAMOUS PE ANSWERING

Telephone answering devices are becoming more and more popular. Millions of people are buying them, including some who don't even own phones! Now, that's popular!!! One of the great things about these recording devices is that people get to leave personalized messages. In order to show you how interesting and different these personalized messages can be, we decided to telephone several famous people to find out what their answering messages are like. But since we couldn't get hold of their telephone numbers, and since long distance phone calls are expensive, we did what we usually do! Mainly we called in a writer who promptly made up all these



OPLE'S TELEPHONE MACHINE MESSAGES

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

This is **Erica Jong!** I don't answer my phone any more because I'm sick of people calling and criticizing me for my loose morals! However, if you're not going to go into that ridiculous nonsense, please leave your name and number! And if you're a man between the ages of 28 and 38, please leave a complete description of what you look like, and what you like to do . . . even the kinky stuff! Especially the kinky stuff . . .!!

This is **Billy Graham!** I'm sorry I'm not in right now to help you with your problem, but perhaps God wanted me to be out! Perhaps He wanted me to be out so you could turn to Him for guidance, confident in the knowledge that He will never let you down! So why leave a message for me when you can talk directly to Him? And He's never out!

This is **Danny Thomas!** I hope you've been watching my TV series, "The Practice"—Wednesday nights on N.B.C.! By the way, in some areas, my original "Danny Thomas Show" is still being re-run by popular demand! But I'm not here to talk about humble me, or my humble talented daughter, Marlo Thomas, who made it all on her humble own! So at the sound of the beep, please leave your name and number . . . and why not a little pledge for my Saint Jude Hospital? Actually the hospital is all paid for, but we desperately need funds for a parking lot!

Hi, this is **Johnnie Carson,** better known as God's Gift To The Internal Revenue Service! I can't come to the phone right now because I'm busy! How busy am I? I'm busier than a shoe salesman waiting on an impatient centipede! C'mon, folks, these are the laughs! Where were you when I was fighting for my country? Okay, if you think you're so funny, at the beep, let's hear your material! Beep . . .

Hello! This is **Stanfield Turner,** the head of the C.I.A.! I can't answer the phone right now because I'm out! Which doesn't make much difference anyway, because I wouldn't answer my phone if I were in! I know what can be done with wire taps and bugging devices! I will, however, have someone get back to you! Don't bother to leave your name and phone number! We know who you are already . . . because all calls coming into this office are traced automatically!

Hi! This is **Bob Guccione,** Editor and Publisher of "Penthouse Magazine." I can't come to the phone right now, and if you were doing what I'm doing, you wouldn't want to come to the phone either!

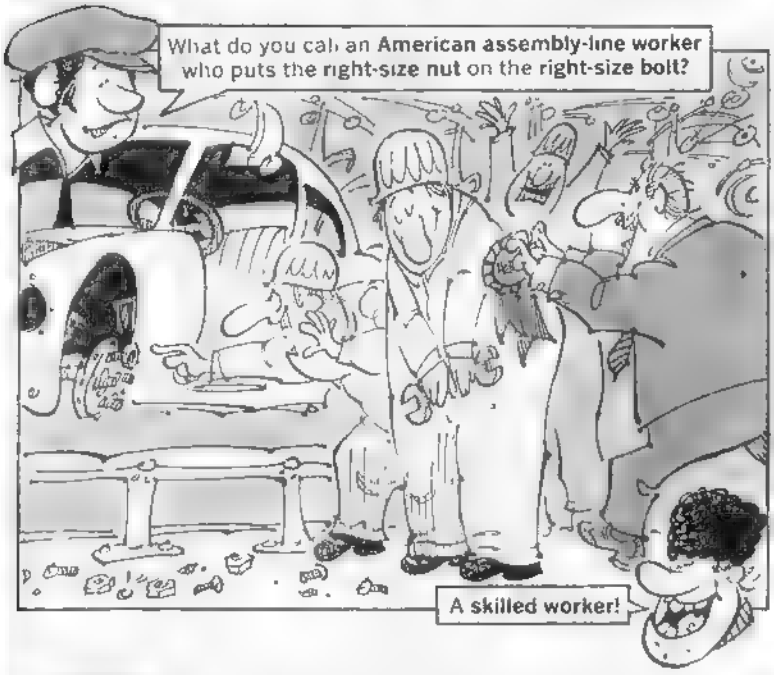
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

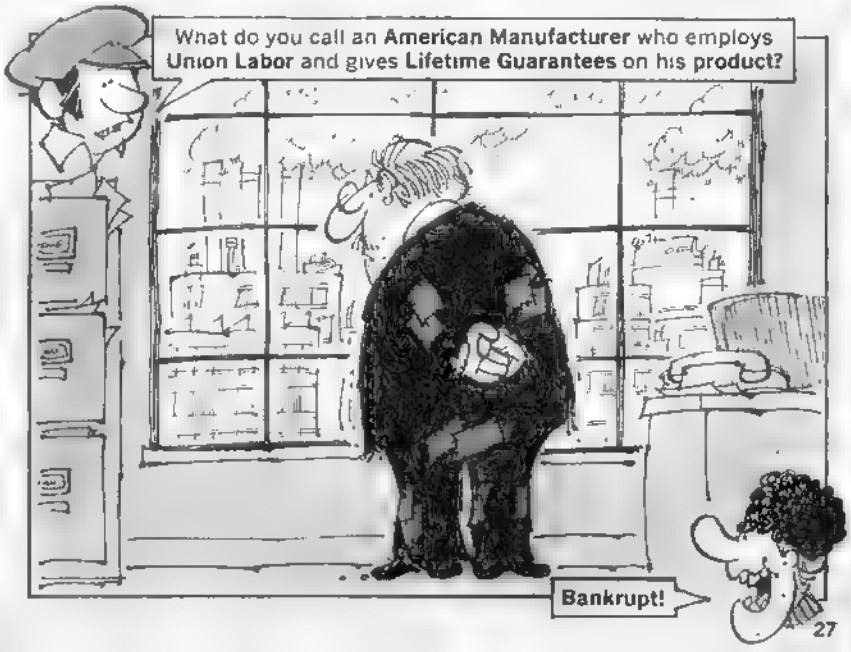
ONE WEDNESDAY EVENING IN A RESTAURANT MEN'S ROOM

A couple of issues back, we suggested that those "Polish Jokes" you've been breaking up over (...that show how stupid Poles are supposed to be!) can't even compare to the "American Jokes" they're telling in Poland (...that show how stupid Americans really are!). As a result, MAD has gained many thousands of new fans...mainly in Warsaw, Krakow, Lodz and Wladyshawowa! Now, to please all our new-found, intelligent, discerning friends, here are

MORE AMERICAN JOKES THEY'RE TELLING IN POLAND

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. WRITER: FRANK JACOBS





How do big **Power Utilities** get Americans to **conserve energy?**

By raising their rates so **no one** can **afford** it!

What do you call an **American fruit-grower** who hires **men, women and children of all races and nationalities,** and pays them **starvation wages?**

An Equal Opportunity Employer!

Why do Americans take vacations in **messy, crowded campers** full of **screaming kids?**

To **get away** from it all!

What's another term for **American Pornography?**

The **Gross National Product!**

What do you call an **American family** that spends **30 percent** of its income on **food?**

Undernourished!

Why do Americans put their money in **long-term savings accounts** that pay **7½ percent interest?**

To stay **even** with **inflation!**

What kind of animal waits patiently for the American Worker to come home at night?

A mugger!

What common American word describes a surgical procedure performed by a highly-skilled medical team in a modern, well-equipped American hospital?

Malpractice!

What do Americans call a fire that destroys an entire block of tenements?

ON THIS SITE ARPONPAAZ TOWERS CO NOW RENTI

Urban Renewal!

What's the difference between an American High School Teacher and an American Rock Singer?

About $200,000 a year!

What do you call the system in which American Small Businesses are being squeezed out by high taxes, oppressive loan interest rates and the price-cutting power of the huge conglomerates?

MOM'S HOME STYLE BAKES

JOE'S BAKE

GOING OUT OF BUSINESS SALE

Free Enterprise!

What do the numbers 1492 and 1976 have in common?

They're adjoining rooms in the Warsaw Hilton!

Hey, that's not an "American Joke"! That's a "Polish Joke"!

That's true! Except . . . who do you think OWNS the hotel?!

SICK TRANSIT GLORIOUSLY DEPT.

Nowadays, Travel Agencies are packaging all kinds of tours for all kinds of people with all kinds of special interests, all designed to help them relax, leave their tensions behind and have a good time. But that doesn't make any sense. People work hard their whole lives developing their tensions, mainly in the form of their neuroses! Why should they want to give them up? The truth is... most people prefer to carry their neuroses with them! So why not design tours specifically for them? We'll show you what we mean with

THE MAD TRAVEL AGENCY'S SPECIALIZED TOURS FOR YOU AND YOUR NEUROSIS

THIS ISSUE: THE HYPOCHONDRIAC'S SEVEN DAY TOUR OF EUROPE

ARTIST: HARRY NORTH, ESQ. WRITER: STAN HART

DAY 1

You leave Kennedy Airport, New York, at 8:00 P.M., just in time to be exposed to the unhealthy damp night air. You'll be seated next to two other tourists, and God only knows what germs they've been exposed to. While on board, you'll receive a head set for the movie, which might prevent you from hearing all the coughing and sneezing going on throughout the plane—but you'll know it's there. You'll be relieved to find that the utensils for your meals aloft are sealed in plastic bags, but the 6-hour flight will give you plenty of time to worry about whose filthy hands packed them inside the plastic bags.

DAY 2

You arrive in London and are whisked to your hotel overlooking the historic Thames River, the scene of the terrible London Plague of 1348. You'll spend the rest of the day at leisure, wondering if it was a "628-year-Plague," and it's time for it to return. You'll notice that the drinking glasses in your bathroom are wrapped in cellophane and marked "Sanitized For Your Protection." A little bit of British drollery there, since you know the maid only wipes the glasses with a dirty rag and shoves them into the cellophane. You'll also notice that the paper band over the toilet seat assures you that it, too, is "Sanitized For Your Protection"—probably with the same dirty rag used to wipe the glasses.

DAY 3 & 4

After a hearty breakfast of English sausage (which will give you gas and make you think you're having a heart attack), you'll be escorted to all the points of interest in London. You'll tour Buckingham Palace (but not get to see the Queen, since she's probably ill and they want to keep it a secret for political reasons). At the Tower of London and Westminster Abbey, you'll see where all the famous Englishmen are buried (which will be a wonderful reminder of how fleeting life really is, and that death is always lurking, even for the great). The changes in temperature going in and out of these wonderful landmarks will probably give you a chill, so you can spend the next day in bed, nursing a cold.

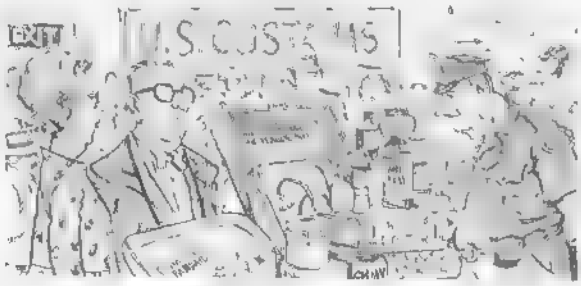
DAY 5

You fly to Paris. The flight takes less than an hour, but it's a great opportunity to take your temperature and compare symptoms with fellow passengers. In Paris, you'll be escorted to the famous Eiffel Tower, where someone already at the top will probably spit, and the germ-laden spittle will undoubtedly land on your head. You will then visit Notre Dame Cathedral where you can pray you'll get out of this infested country alive. At night, you'll be taken to Pigalle, where you'll surely contract a venereal disease from sitting on a toilet seat in the Crazy Horse Saloon.

DAY 6

You leave Paris (and not a moment too soon!) and arrive in Rome. First, you will visit the Colosseum, where the Christians were fed to the lions, and where you can sit and reflect upon how lucky they were to have died quickly instead of lingering on, like you're doing. Next, you'll visit St. Peter's and The Vatican, where you can arrange for a private audience with the Pope so you can pray together for God to restore your health. (Only the Pope doesn't look too well himself, so what's he going to do for a nobody like you? Besides, imagine what you're liable to get by kissing His Holiness's ring! Who knows who kissed it before you!) At night, you'll dine at the famous Alfredo's, where the highly-seasoned food will give you diarrhea, or constipation, or both.

DAY 7

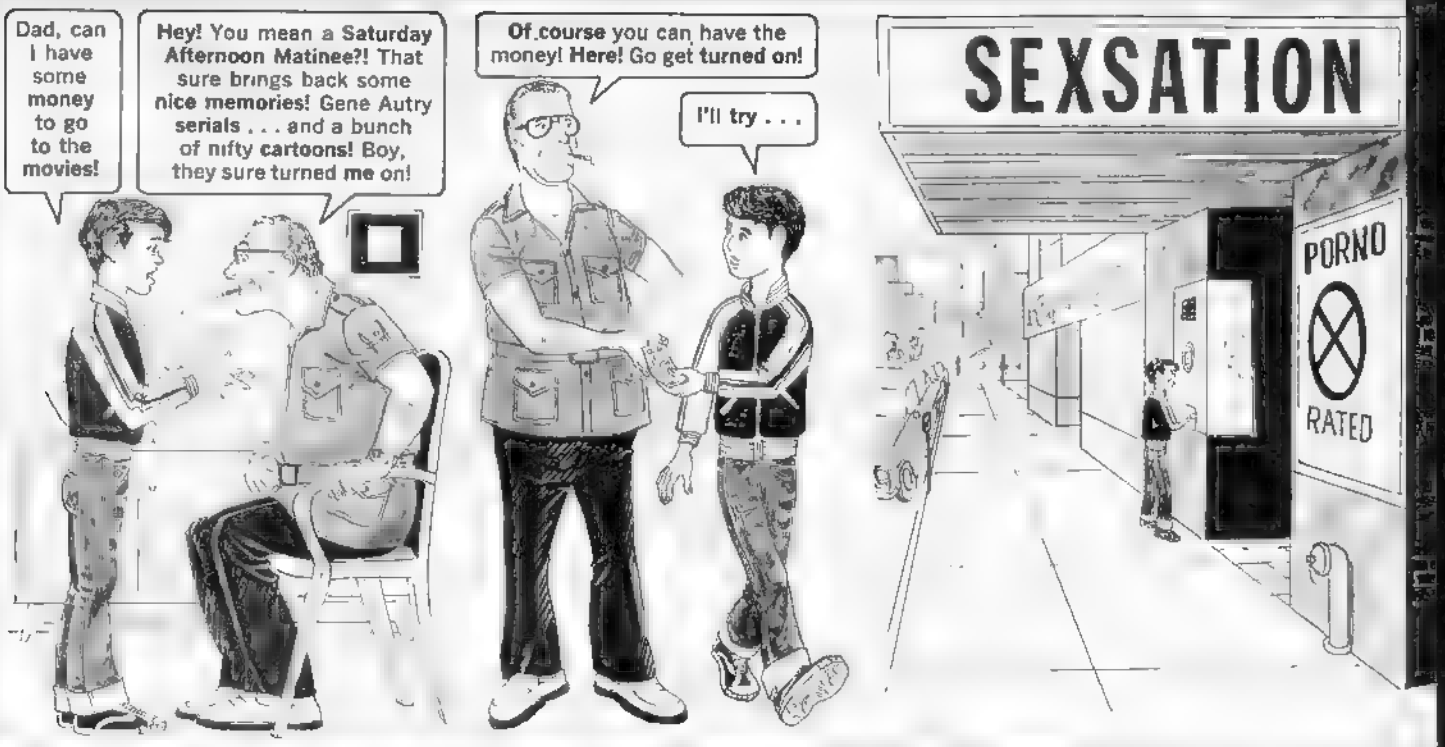


You are transported by bus to the fabulous French Riviera. The bus is especially designed so the windows don't close completely, exposing you to the dangerous 75 degree temperature and probably giving you pleurisy. In your hotel, instead of the usual Gideon Bible at your bedside, you'll find a volume of "Symptoms Of Incurable Diseases Of Europe" for introspective reading. You can visit one of the many lavish gambling casinos, where you can play roulette and wonder what kind of people handled the chips before you. From Nice, you'll fly home with enough time aloft (8 hours) to worry if the U.S. Health Service will allow you to re-enter the country with all the diseases you picked up on your fabulously exciting trip to Europe.

NEXT ISSUE: THE PARANOIAC'S 7-DAY TOUR OF JAPAN

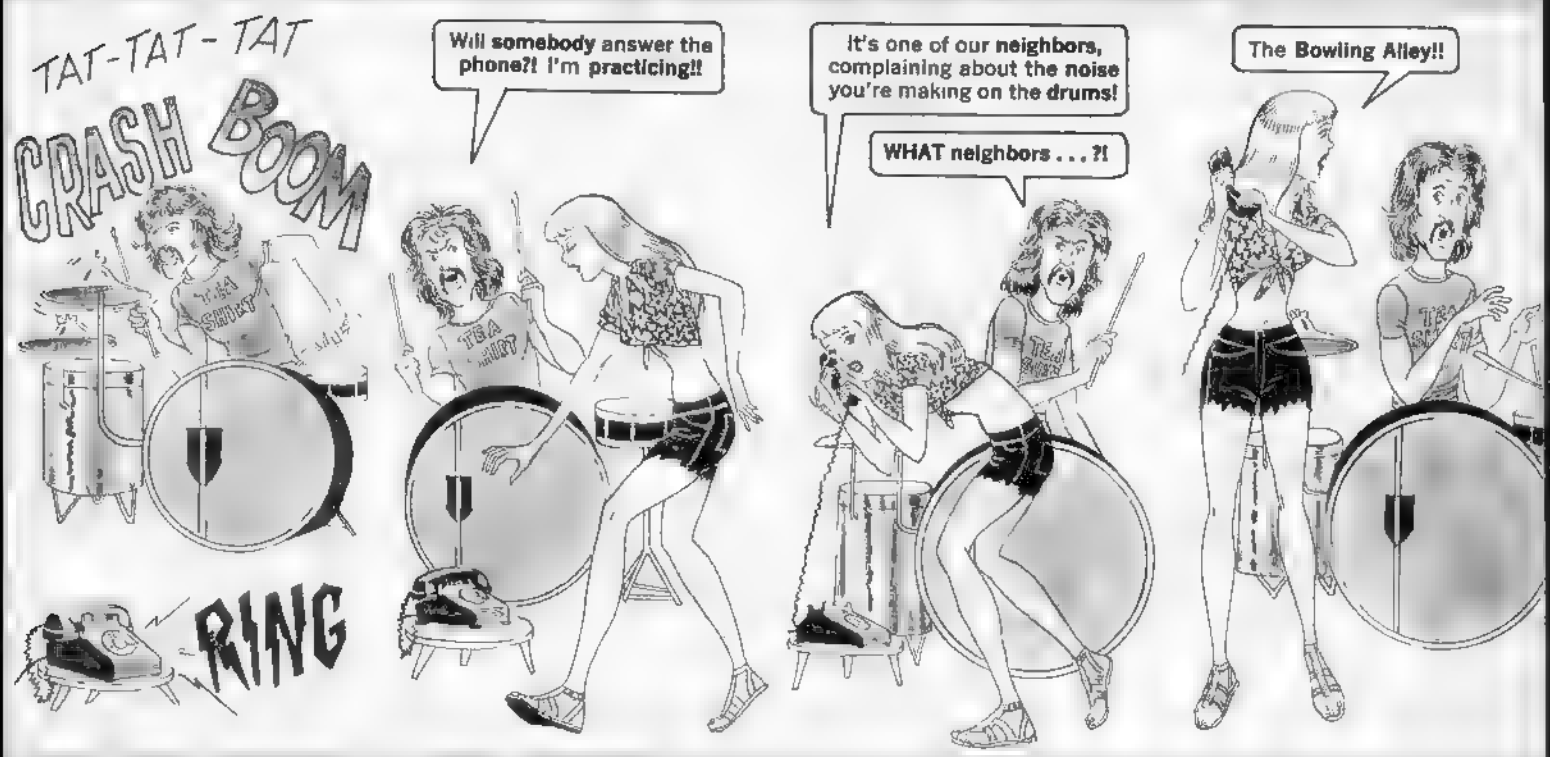
BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

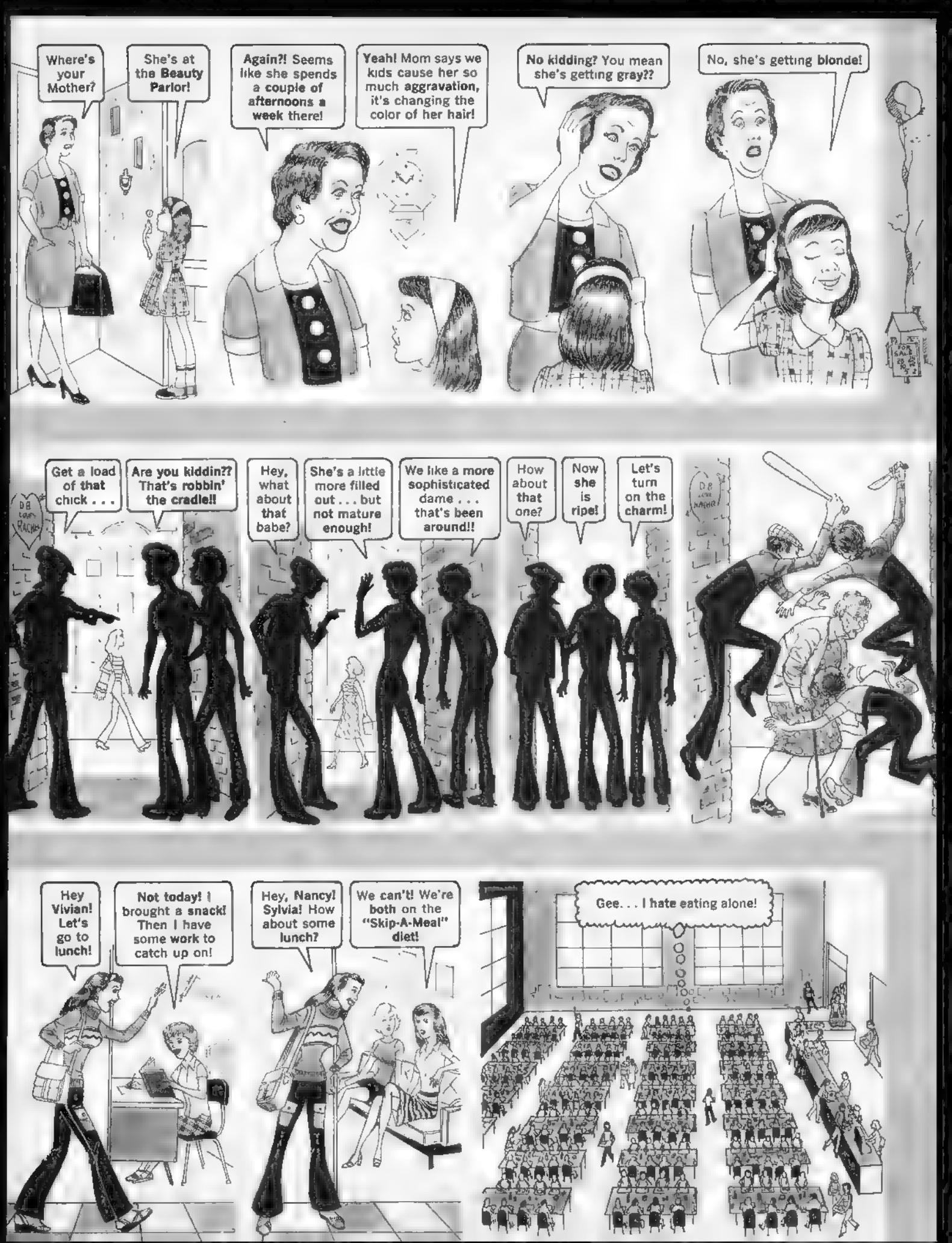
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... AFTE



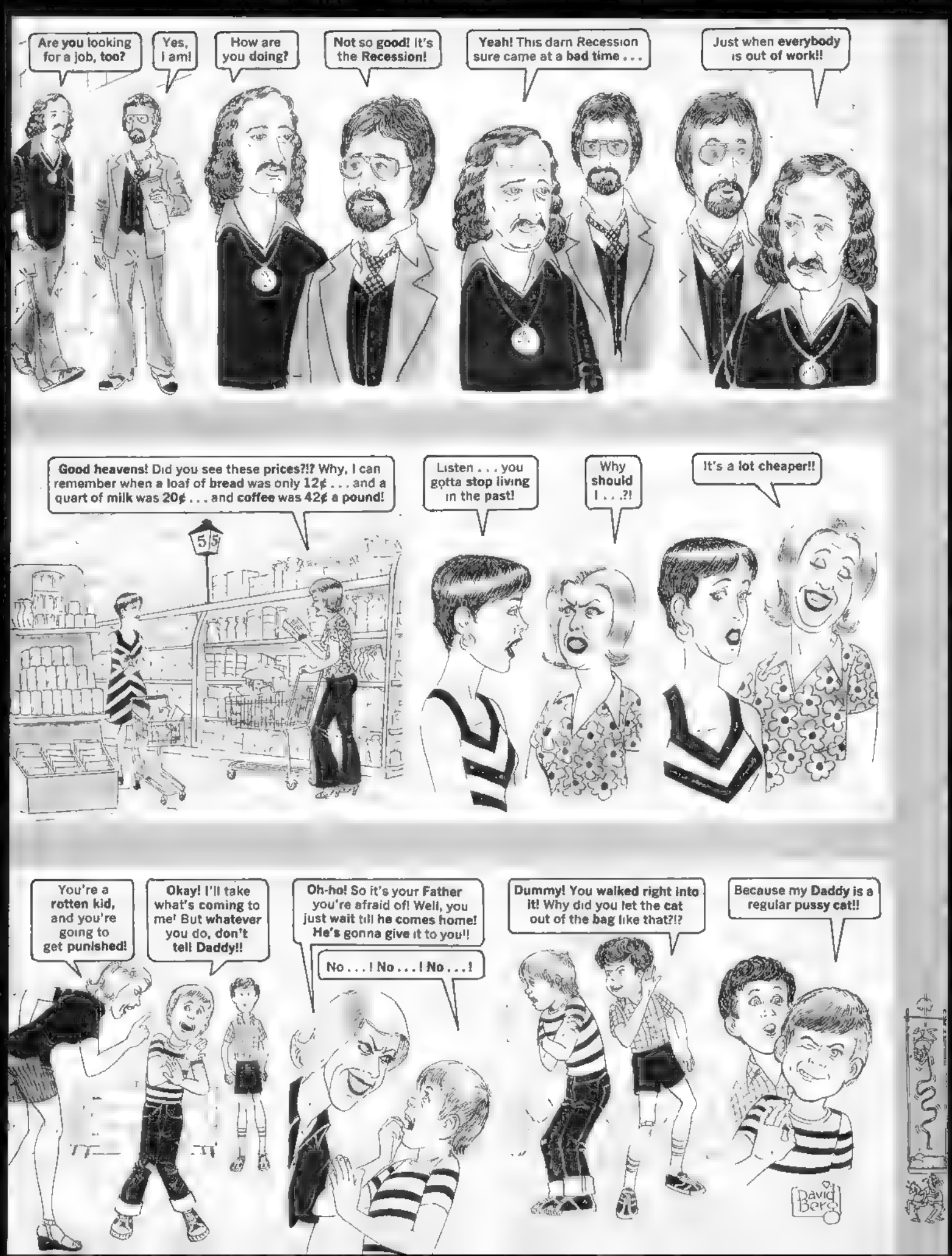
RNOONS

ARTIST & WRITER.
DAVE BERG




Where's your Mother?
She's at the Beauty Parlor!
Again?! Seems like she spends a couple of afternoons a week there!
Yeah! Mom says we kids cause her so much aggravation, it's changing the color of her hair!
No kidding? You mean she's getting gray??
No, she's getting blonde!
Get a load of that chick . . .
Are you kiddin?? That's robbin' the cradle!!
Hey, what about that babe?
She's a little more filled out . . . but not mature enough!
We like a more sophisticated dame . . . that's been around!!
How about that one?
Now she is ripe!
Let's turn on the charm!
Hey Vivian! Let's go to lunch!
Not today! I brought a snack! Then I have some work to catch up on!
Hey, Nancy! Sylvia! How about some lunch?
We can't! We're both on the "Skip-A-Meal" diet!
Gee. . . I hate eating alone!

Class, stay together . . . and listen to the Museum Guide . . .
This is a example of Egyptian sculpture! It is approximately four thousand years old . . .
It is possible that the great Cleopatra herself gazed upon this very statue!
I don't believe that!!
Cleopatra was never in Minneapolis!!
What sort of beasts stand before me?! Monsters who prey on our old and our sickly! Brutes who rob, beat, rape and murder our defenseless senior citizens!
Too long have we coddled these animals! Too long have we considered the rights of the criminals, and ignored the rights of the victims! Well, you're not getting away with just a slap on the wrist!!
This time, I'm throwing the book at you! This time, I'm locking you up for a long, long time!
Man, that Judge Finster is one tough cookie!
Yeah! We won't be out of here until late this afternoon!
Hey, Harold! What do you wanna do after school?
I dunno! What do you wanna do?
Harold and William! For talking in class, you will both write the poem "Invictus" twenty times!
Aww, gee!
Stop griping!
At least now, we know what we're gonna do after school!

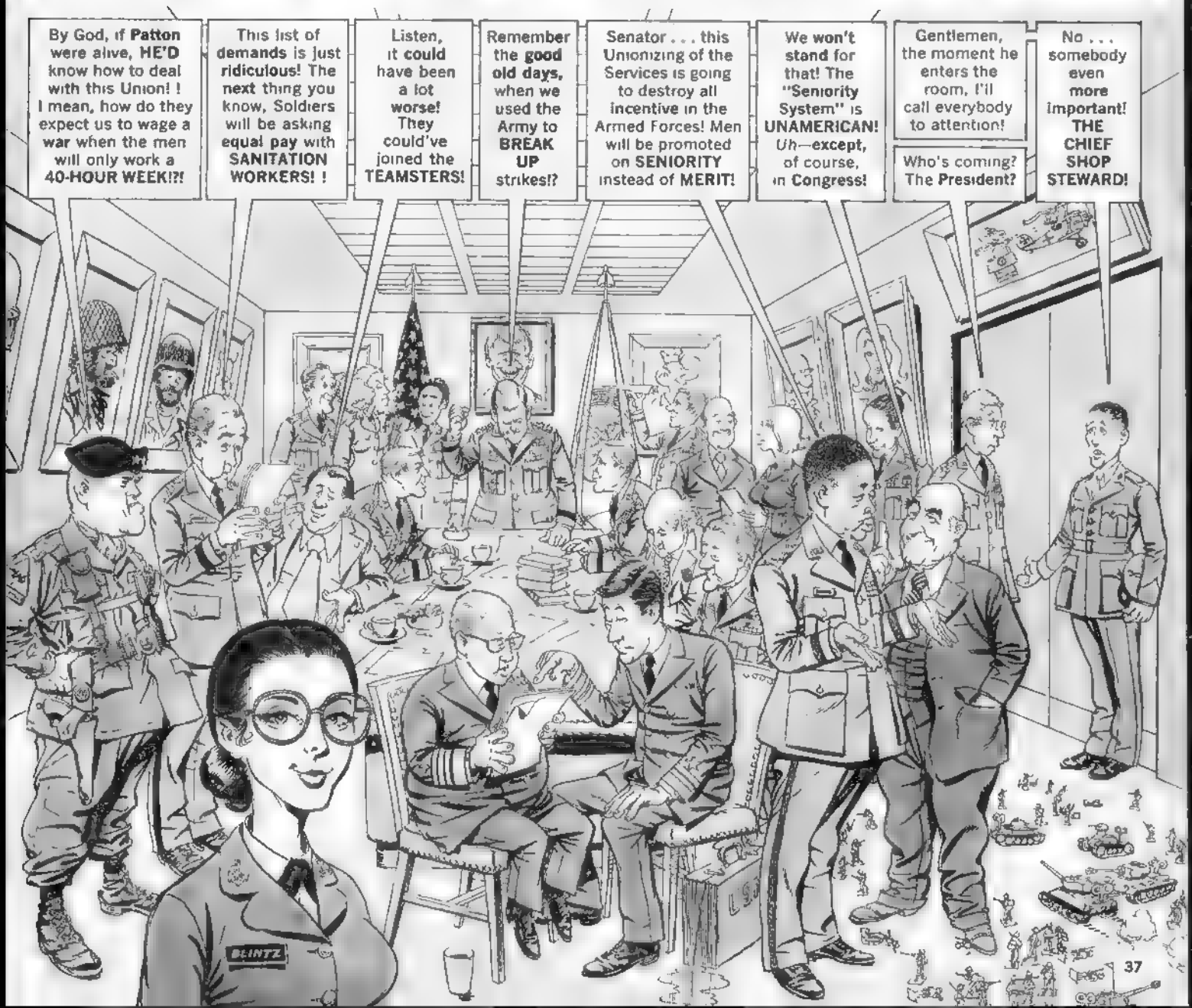

Are you looking for a job, too?
Yes, I am!
How are you doing?
Not so good! It's the Recession!
Yeah! This darn Recession sure came at a bad time . . .
Just when everybody is out of work!!
Good heavens! Did you see these prices?!? Why, I can remember when a loaf of bread was only 12¢ . . . and a quart of milk was 20¢ . . . and coffee was 42¢ a pound!
5/5
Listen . . . you gotta stop living in the past!
Why should I . . .?!
It's a lot cheaper!!
You're a rotten kid, and you're going to get punished!
Okay! I'll take what's coming to me! But whatever you do, don't tell Daddy!!
Oh-ho! So it's your Father you're afraid of! Well, you just wait till he comes home! He's gonna give it to you!!
No . . . ! No . . . ! No . . . !
Dummy! You walked right into it! Why did you let the cat out of the bag like that?!?
Because my Daddy is a regular pussy cat!!
David Berg

LOOK FOR THE "UNION" ARMY DEPT.

Today, ballplayers, actors, writers, truck drivers, teachers, steel workers . . . people in almost every job or profession . . . belong to Unions. Except the Military! But that's gonna change because the American Federation of Govt. Employees is going to make a serious attempt to organize our Armed Forces. As citizens, we are all concerned with the Army (Mainly, how to stay out of it!), and so we'd now like to bring you a MAD preview of what it'll be like . . .

WHEN MEMBERS OF OUR ARMED FORCES JOIN A UNION

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE



Okay, men! Dig in! And make those foxholes deep . . .
Hold it, there, Captain! If one of these men touches a shovel, I'll have you up before the Grievance Committee! Read your contract! Digging is only to be done by members of the Corps of Engineers local!
Pass the word! We hit the beaches at 0600 tomorrow!
No way!! According to the contract, we don't start no invasions until 9:00 o'clock!
Who's the new man?!?
Oh . . . he winds the propeller!
But this is a JET!
Try telling that to the UNION!!
Medic! Medic! Over here . . . quick! This man's been hit!!
Forget it! I'm on my COFFEE BREAK!
Who are those men, Soldier? G-2 Undercover Agents . . . ?
No, Sir! They have something to do with the Army Union's Retirement Fund!
General, the situation is getting intolerable! I'm afraid we'll have to give up our position and pull out of here!
Why?!? Has the enemy launched an attack??
No, Sir . . . the Latrine Orderlies have called a wildcat strike . . . and the men are refusing to cross their picket lines!

HOW MUCH IS ON FIRST? DEPT.

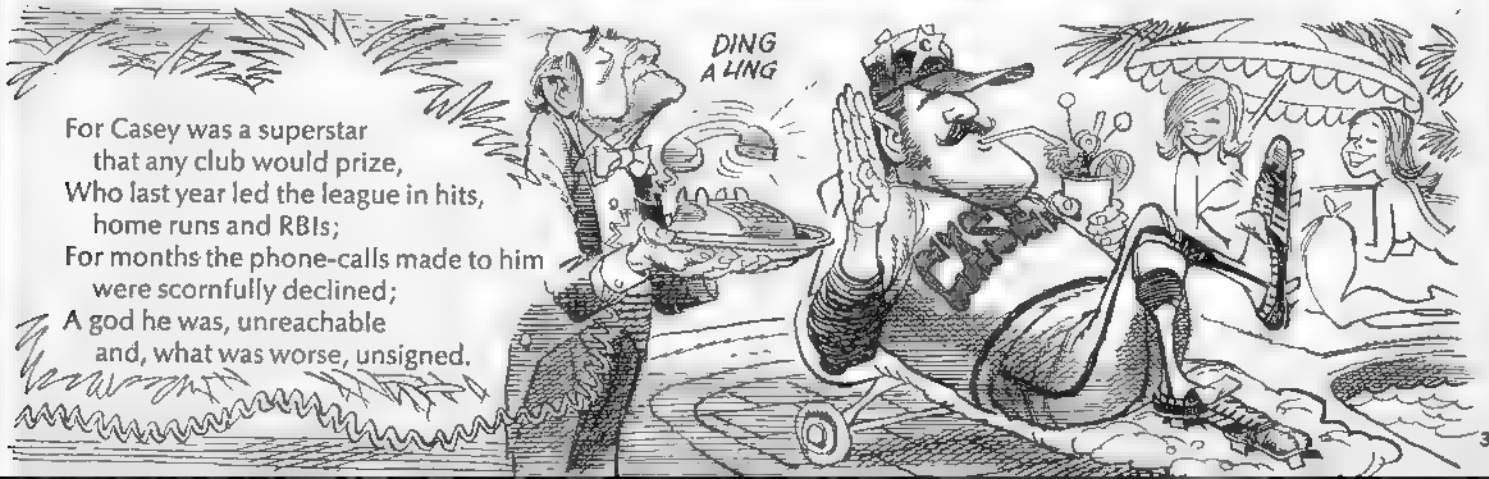
If Ernest Lawrence Thayer were still around, he'd probably agree that his "Casey at the Bat" is hopelessly out-of-date. Baseball has changed a lot over the years, and today balls and strikes don't seem nearly as important as negotiations, high salaries and players' fringe benefits. Our National Pastime has become a battle for the Big Money, which means it's time to rewrite "Casey at the Bat" and retitle it

CASEY AT THE TALKS

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

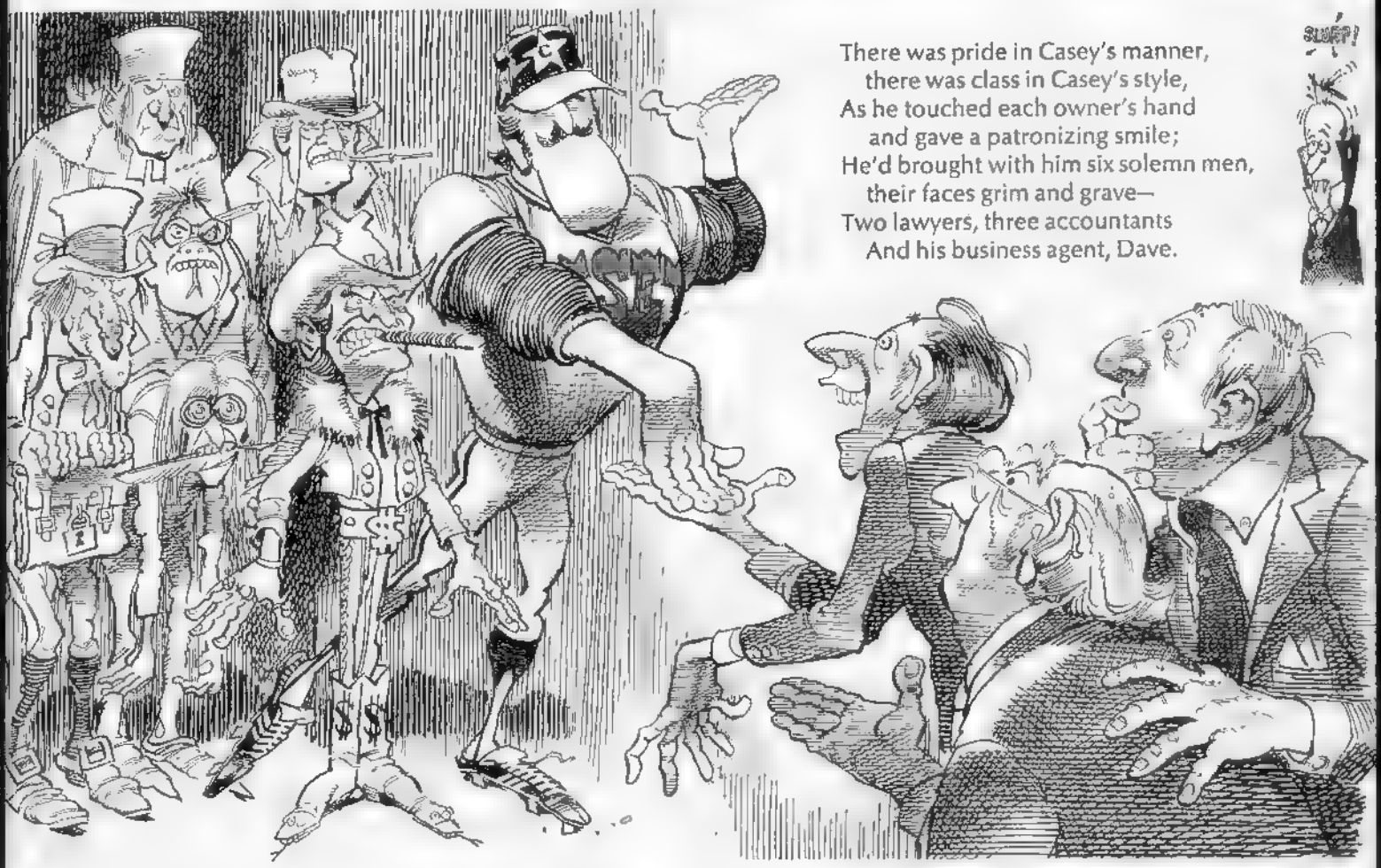
It looked extremely rocky
for the famous Mudville nine;
The season was upon them
and the outfield wouldn't sign;
And when Fenwick turned free agent
and Moran went into flicks,
The owners shook their heads and moaned
"We're in a dreadful fix."

They scanned their ledgers gloomily
without a hint of cheer;
The falling season-ticket sales
foretold a losing year;
They clung to one small, distant hope,
an optimistic dream—
The fans would pack the stands
with mighty Casey on the team.



For Casey was a superstar
that any club would prize,
Who last year led the league in hits,
home runs and RBIs;
For months the phone-calls made to him
were scornfully declined;
A god he was, unreachable
and, what was worse, unsigned.

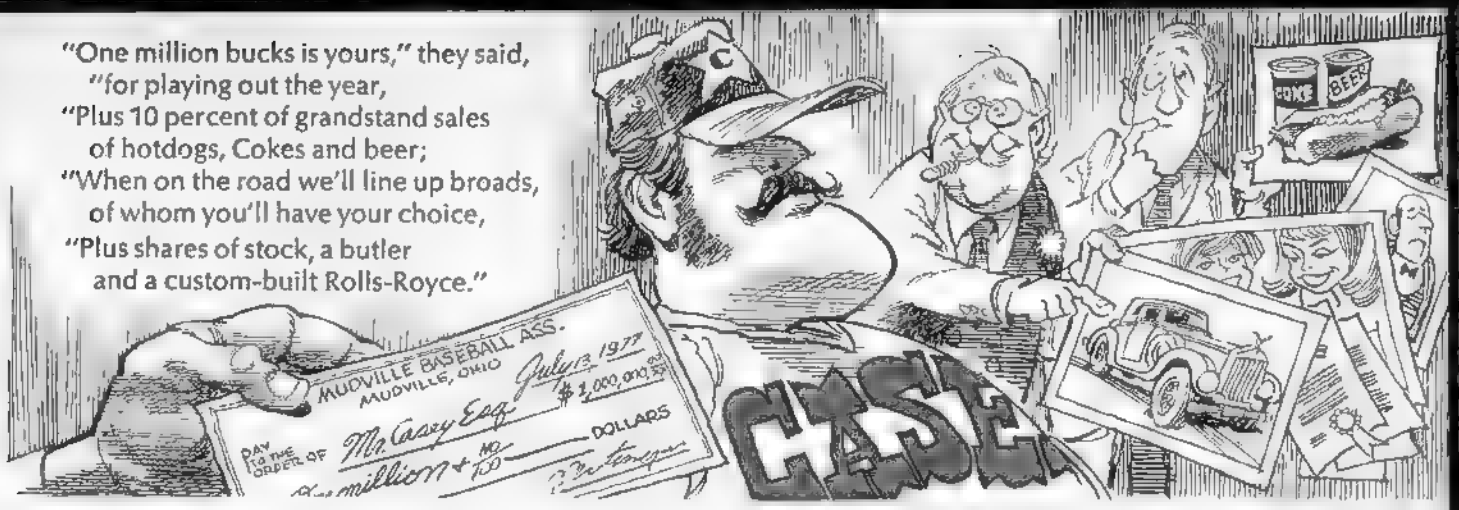
Then from an outer corridor
there rose a mighty shout;
It rattled the reception desk
and shook the walls throughout;
It thundered through the offices
in one tremendous roar,
For Casey, mighty Casey,
was advancing through the door.

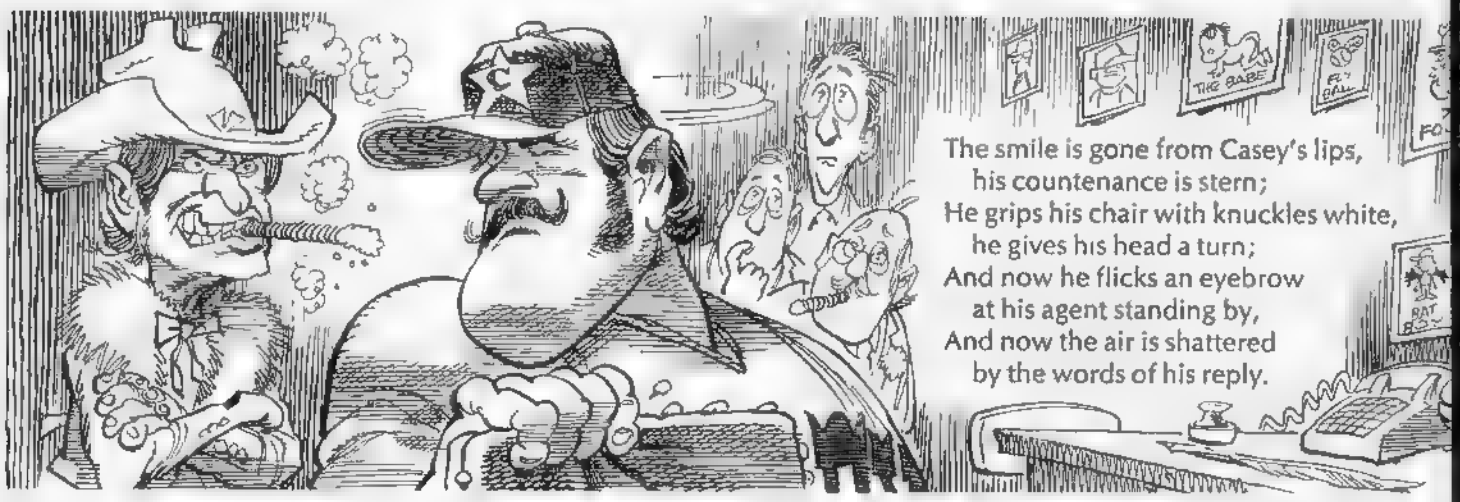


There was pride in Casey's manner,
there was class in Casey's style,
As he touched each owner's hand
and gave a patronizing smile;
He'd brought with him six solemn men,
their faces grim and grave—
Two lawyers, three accountants
And his business agent, Dave.

The owners lauded Casey's clothes,
extolled his wavy hair;
They kissed the leather of his shoes
and knelt beside his chair;
They laid before him fruit and wine
and then a full-course meal,
But Casey merely raised his hand
and murmured, "What's your deal?"

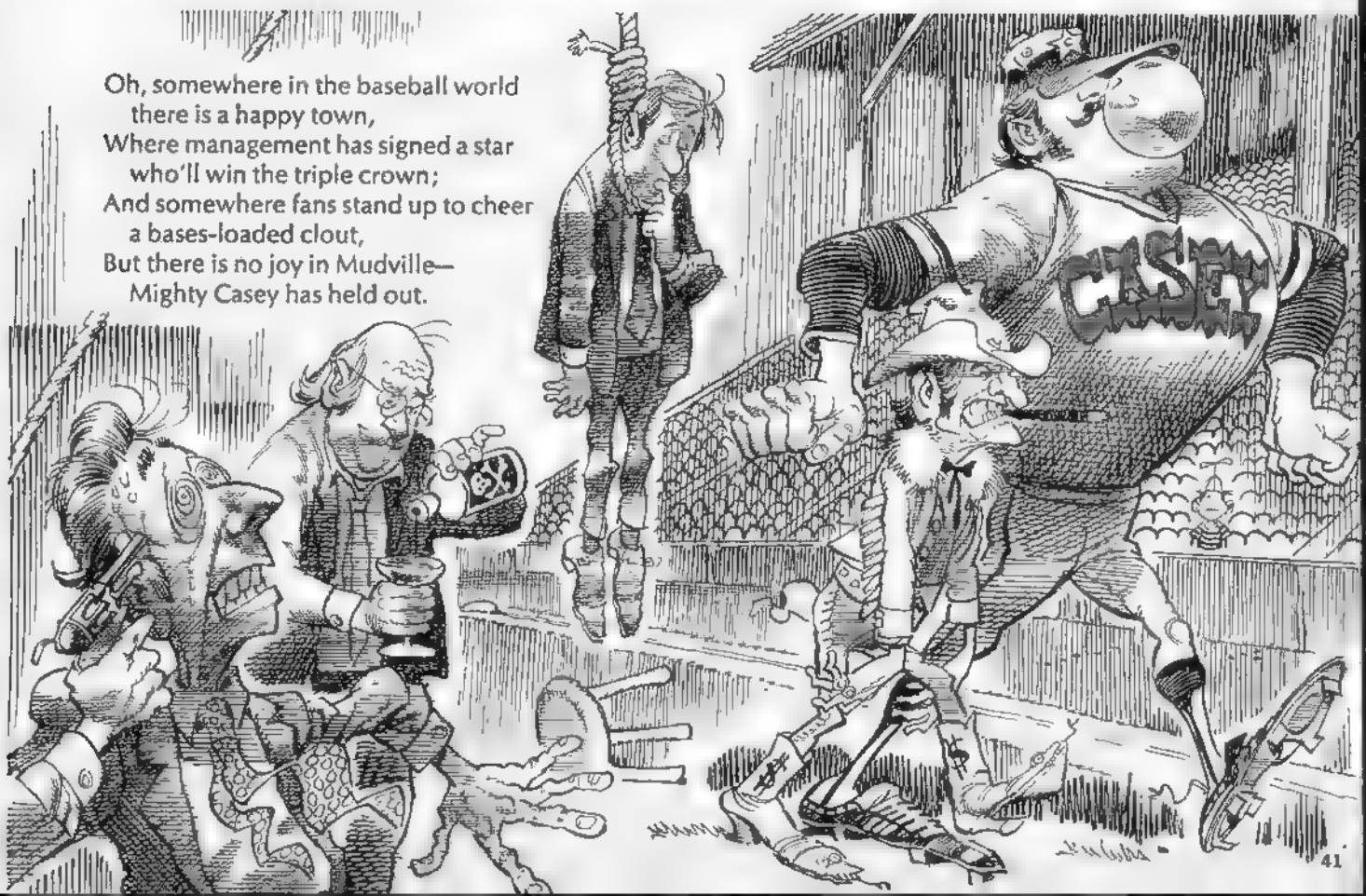
"One million bucks is yours," they said,
"for playing out the year,
"Plus 10 percent of grandstand sales
of hotdogs, Cokes and beer;
"When on the road we'll line up broads,
of whom you'll have your choice,
"Plus shares of stock, a butler
and a custom-built Rolls-Royce."

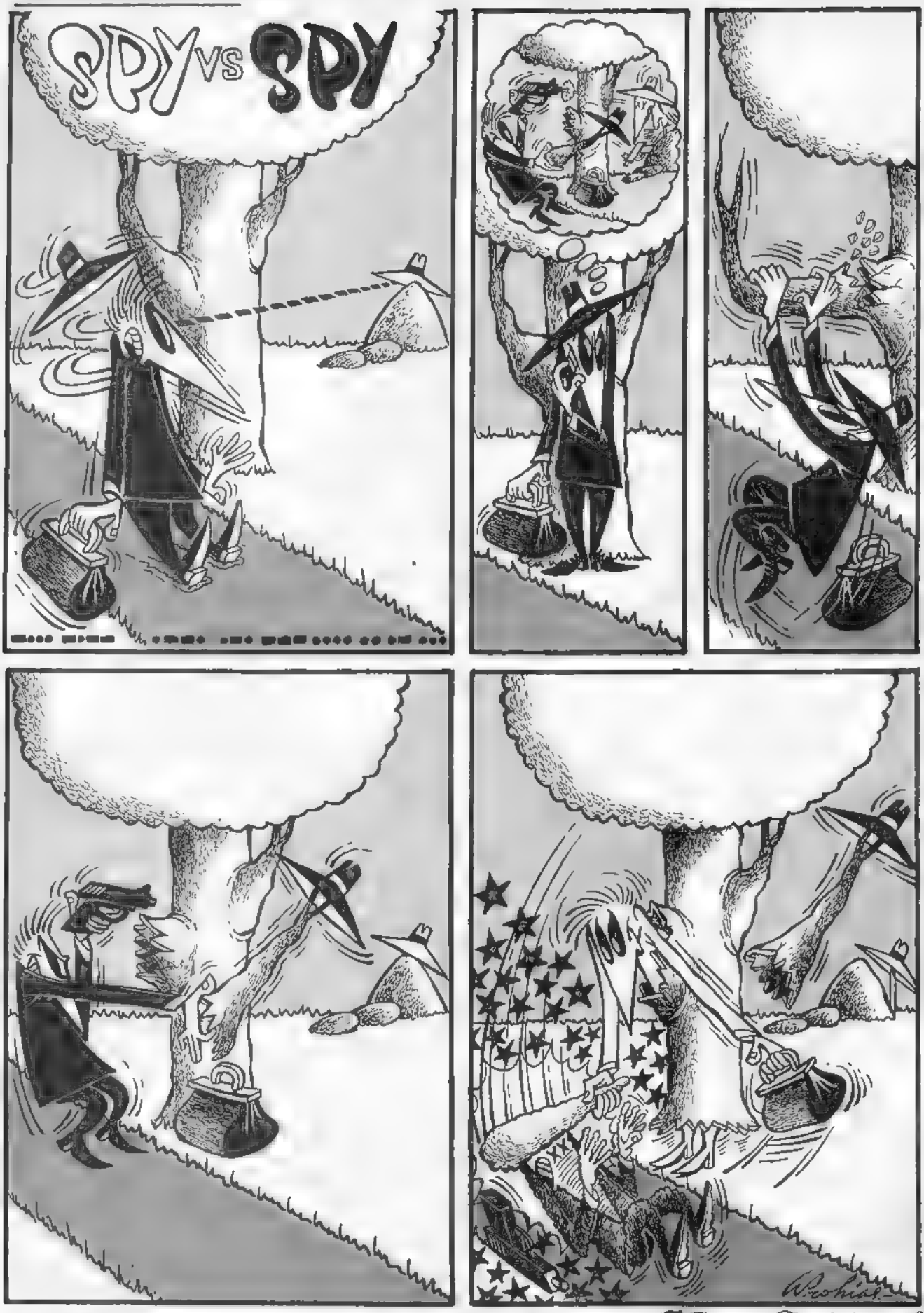


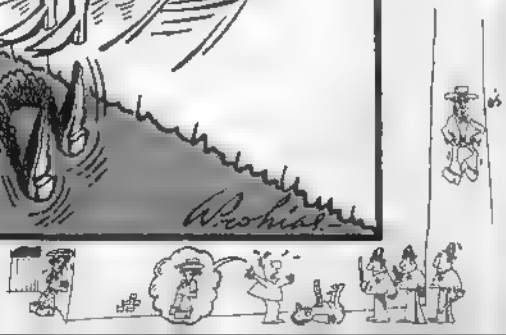


The smile is gone from Casey's lips,
his countenance is stern;
He grips his chair with knuckles white,
he gives his head a turn;
And now he flicks an eyebrow
at his agent standing by,
And now the air is shattered
by the words of his reply.

Oh, somewhere in the baseball world
there is a happy town,
Where management has signed a star
who'll win the triple crown;
And somewhere fans stand up to cheer
a bases-loaded clout,
But there is no joy in Mudville—
Mighty Casey has held out.




SPY vs SPY



PRIVATE-EYEFULS DEPT.

Once upon a time, there were three little girls who attended the Police Academy . . .

They were graduated and assigned hazardous duties! Hazardous to the rest of the Police Force, that is!

But I took them away from all that, and now they work for me as private detectives. Three glamorous, gorgeous private detectives. How's that for a new angle on fighting crime? My name is Churlie, and I call my girls . . .

CHURLIE'S ANGLES

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

All present and accounted for, Churlie! Go ahead!

Good morning, Boresly! Good morning, Jolly . . . Saccharina . . . Killy! I've got a nice easy assignment for you today!

Great! We could use a break after that last stint in the Women's Penitentiary!

It wasn't so bad!

It was for ME! I look awful in stripes!

And the week before, we were up to our necks in QUICKSAND . and all my best features were covered!

And how about that shootout in the Amusement Park the week before that?!? My HAIR almost got mussed!!

This week, girls, there will be no guns . . and no violence! It'll be a piece of cake! Give them all the details, Boresly . . .

This is Mukluk Gluckbuck . . . also known as "The Alaska Flasher"!

A FLASHER in ALASKA? Gosh, they ought to give him a MEDAL instead of busting him!

Your assignment . . . should you choose to accept it, will be to . .

We choose NOT to accept it!

But why?! There's no danger involved!

Forget it! If we go to Alaska, we won't be able to wear BIKINIS!

All right! Alaska is out! How would you girls like to run off and join a CIRCUS?

That's great! I look even better in TIGHTS than a Bikini!

I don't know, Churlie, I'm allergic to animals!

Saccharina, the only animals you'll meet in THIS circus have two legs! It's a GoGo Joint that's rumored to be a front for a Call Girl and Narcotics Smuggling Operation!

Does this mean I don't get to wear tights?

In this place, Jolly, you'd be over-dressed in tights!

Not to worry! On this caper, I'll really keep my eye on you girls!

I'll bet you will, Boresly!

Boresly will fill you in on the particulars! I have an urgent affair to attend to! Approximately 60 seconds after you receive this message, I will self-destruct!

You mean the MESSAGE will self-destruct, don't you, Churlie . . . ?

No, Angles...I mean ME! But what a way to GO!!

This is our client, Miss Zilch! She's afraid that something's happened to her Sister!

My Sister wanted to be a Dancer! She left Iowa and got a job at the Circus as a GoGo Girl! We wrote to each other regularly! Then a strange thing happened! My letters started coming back stamped "Return To Sender"!

What's so strange about that? The same thing happens whenever I write to my ex-Husband and ask him for my ALIMONY!!

I came to L.A. and went to the Circus to look for her! They said they never heard of her!

Did you go to the Police?

Yes . . . but they weren't any help!

They never are! Which is why there are so many Private Eye Shows!

Don't worry! If your Sister's alive, we'll find her!
And if she's dead, we'll get the creep that raped, murdered and mutilated her!!
Jolly!! She might have died from natural causes!
Not on THIS Network, she didn't!!
How can I ever thank you? I haven't got much money! I'll have to pay you when I can!
Now ...now! Forget about money! The important thing is to find your Sister!
This is Churlie again, Angles! Any questions?
Yes, Churlie! How can you live like a millionaire, pay our fantastic salaries and operate this expensive organization with clients who are usually broke?!?
Don't worry about it, Angles! I've got a great head for figures...!!
Hi! We're looking for jobs!
Yeah? Whaddya do?
What did you have in mind, Handsome...?
RELIGION TODAY
Hey, are you kidding?
Oh-oh! If this job starts out like this, I'd hate to see how it ends up!
This interview isn't going the way we planned, Saccharina! You're the smart one! Quick! Think of something!
Why does everyone always think I'm the group egghead?
'Cause you wear higher necklines than we do!
I think there's been a mistake! We're Dancers!
Okay... you can audition! Put these costumes ...
Do we put them on our bodies... or paste them on an envelope?!
Okay! You're hired!
But you haven't seen us dance!
You don't HAFTA dance!! You just hafta STAND there and BREATHE!
Maybe we should have taken the job in Alaska!
GIRLS

How do you like the three chicks I hired?
Not bad! Did you check 'em out to make sure they're not the Heat?
They can't be cops! I mean, where could they hide their badges and guns?

There's something about those broads that bugs me!
Yeah! I know what you're talkin' about! Try takin' a cold shower!

No, I mean there's something suspicious about them!
Could it be that they're supposed to be unemployed GoGo Dancers, and they're drivin' around in a twelve thousand dollar Porsche??
THIS SHOW UNFAIR TO BALDHEADED COPS

Nahh! It's something else!
Maybe it's because they're always goin' around, askin' everybody a lot of nosey questions . . . and showin' them a picture of one of the dolls we hadda burn?!?
I got it! When did you see three great-looking chicks who weren't jealous of each other? I mean, those dames are actually friends!!
That is suspicious! I'll keep an eye on them, Boss!
Good! And if they get out of line, waste 'em!
What a waste!
THIS SHOW UNFAIR TO SHORT COPS

Have you ever seen this girl?
Yeah! She used to work here! But she refused to go to one of the Boss's private parties, and she just vanished! It happens to every girl who turns down one of his invitations!!
I've heard of RSVP's— but this is ridiculous!

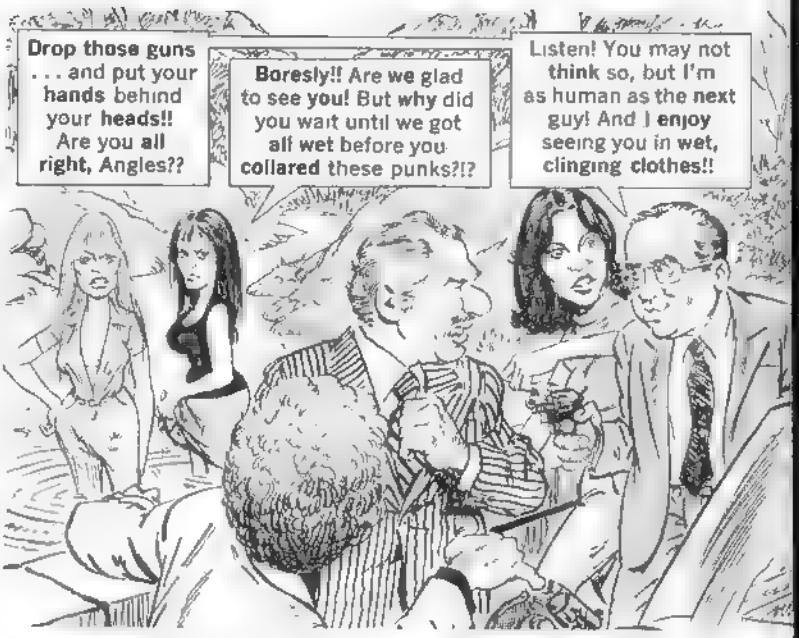
Now we know what happened to the girl! But we need some evidence so we can put those animals away!
Hey, I think we just hit paydirt! Here's all the facts and figures on their Call Girl and Narcotics operation! Let's take these books and split!!
Where can we hide them?
In my purse!
With us wearing these sexy costumes, my purse is the LAST place they'll look!

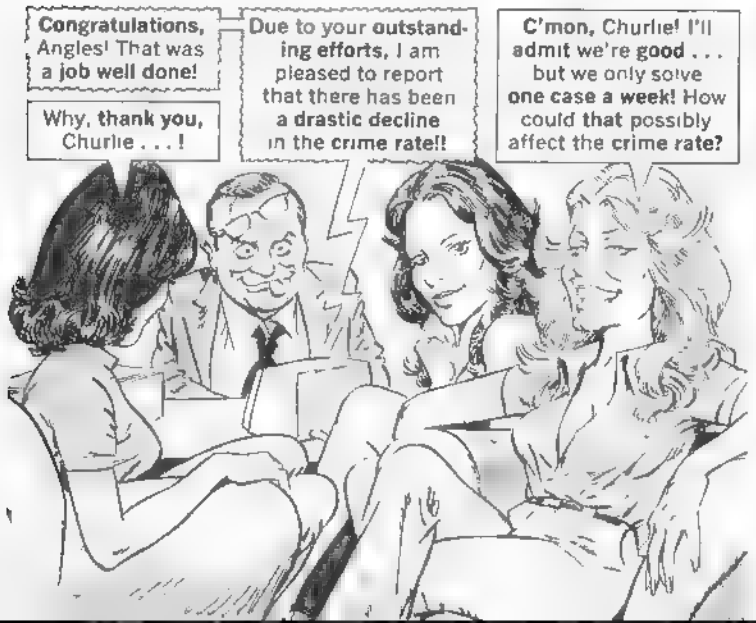
Hold it! What are you dames doin' in here?
Isn't this the Ladies Room . . . ?
No, it's the Boss's office!
Gosh . . . no wonder I couldn't find the John!!

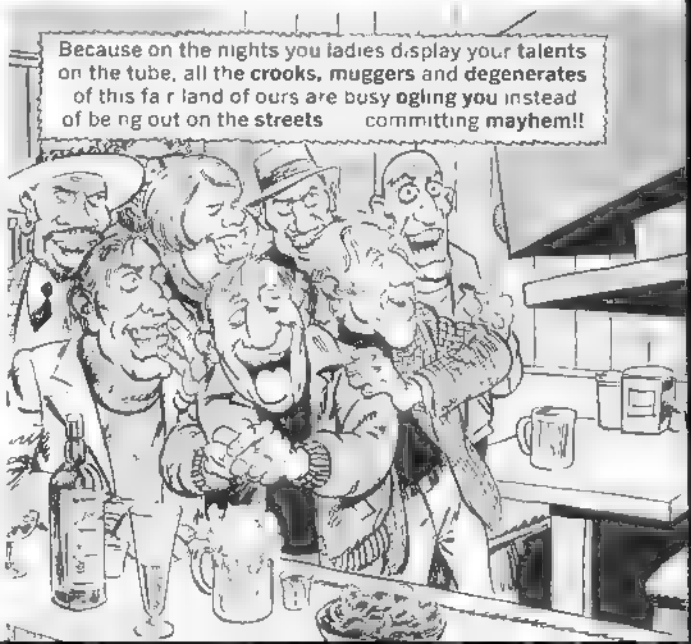
Okay, ladies Put on your traveling clothes! We're taking you for a little ride!
I'm glad to hear that!
Kitty, you're glad they're taking us for a ride?!?
No . . . I'm glad we're getting a chance to change clothes! We've been wearing these same outfits for nine panels now!

Everybody OUT . . . ! !
Why are we stopping here . . . ?
Because before we zap you, we're gonna have us a little party! Which one do you want, Cooch?
Hey, man! I'll take the blonde!
And my old man wanted me to be a Preacher . . . !
Uh—this is awkward, fellas! I feel like a fifth wheel! Why don't you four kids go and have your party, and I'll wait in the car!!
CHARLIE ANGELS UNFAIR TO OTHER TV POLICE WOMEN

JUMP!!
Hey! They're getting away!!
THESE THREE BIMBOS ARE UNFAIR TO OTHER TV WOMEN WHO AIN'T EVEN COPS

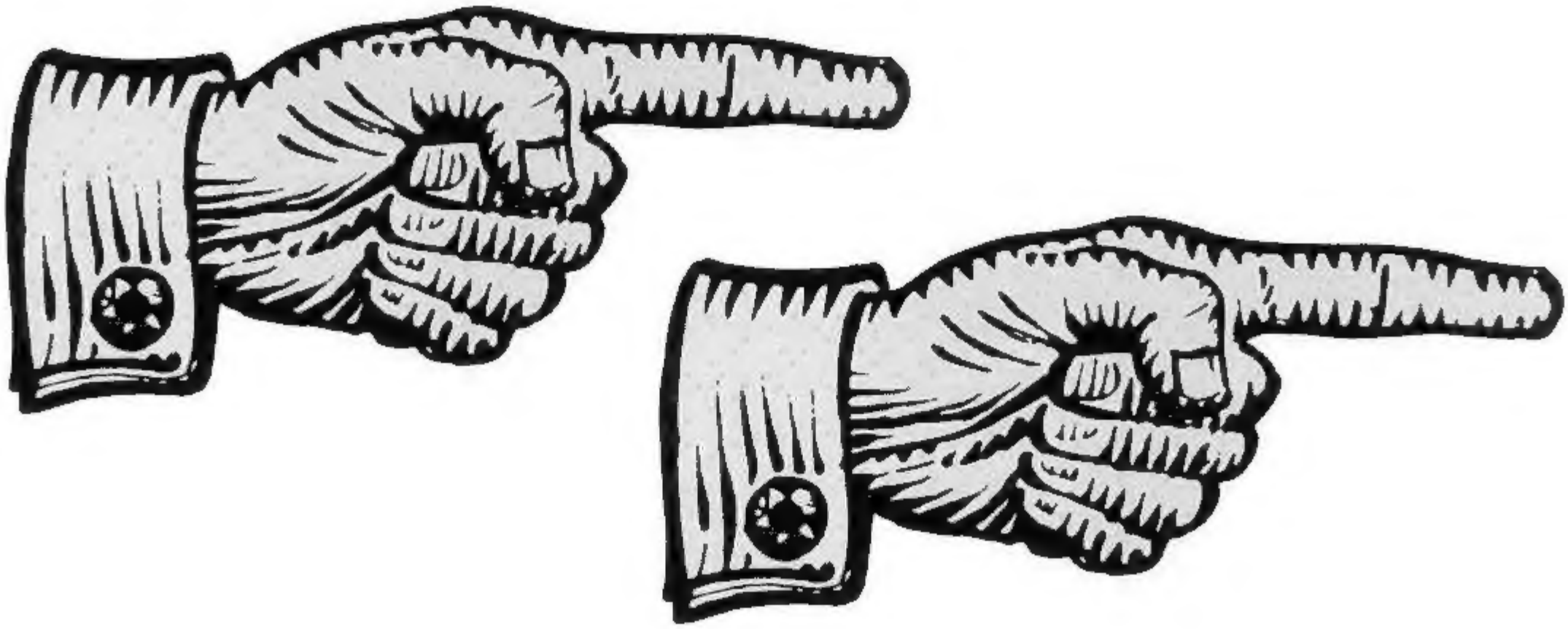

Drop those guns . . . and put your hands behind your heads!! Are you all right, Angles??
Boresly!! Are we glad to see you! But why did you wait until we got all wet before you collared these punks?!?
Listen! You may not think so, but I'm as human as the next guy! And I enjoy seeing you in wet, clinging clothes!!


Congratulations, Angles! That was a job well done!
Why, thank you, Churlie . . . !
Due to your outstanding efforts, I am pleased to report that there has been a drastic decline in the crime rate!!
C'mon, Churlie! I'll admit we're good . . . but we only solve one case a week! How could that possibly affect the crime rate?


Because on the nights you ladies display your talents on the tube, all the crooks, muggers and degenerates of this fair land of ours are busy ogling you instead of being out on the streets committing mayhem!!

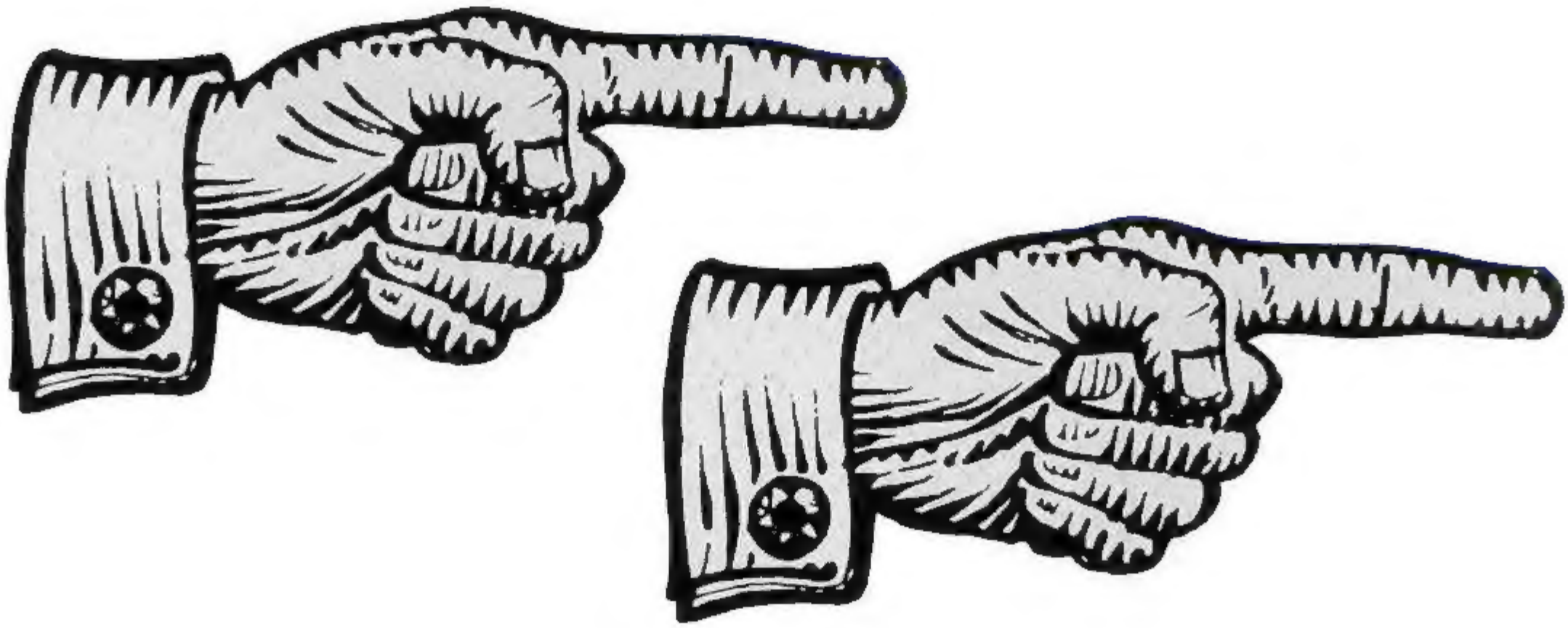
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART III

LATE ONE FRIDAY NIGHT ON AN UPTOWN STREET CORNER



Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



WHERE ARE SOME OF THE WORLD'S GREAT OIL DEPOSITS?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

With Mankind facing an energy crisis, the search for oil is becoming more and more important every day. Recent events have made the world acutely aware of some very significant oil deposits. To find out just where these are, fold in the page as shown.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

UNDAUNTED GEOLOGISTS ARE SEARCHING FOR OIL OVER LAND AND SEA. THEY WILL GO ANYWHERE, FROM SIBERIAN WASTELANDS TO TROPICAL ISLAND PARADISES, TANTALIZED BY THE REWARDS THAT GO TO SUCH SEEKERS

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

A▶ ◀B

WHERE ARE SOME OF THE WORLD'S GREAT OIL DEPOSITS?

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

UNDER LIBERIAN TANKERS

A▶◀B

MORE

SCENES WE'D LIKE TO SEE

(THE FROG PRINCE)

ARTIST: DON MARTIN WRITER: DON EDWING